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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½d.



SIGNORA DUSE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AIMÉ DUPONT, NEW YORK.

ZOLA'S PRISON.

The prison of Sainte-Pélagie, to which left-handed justice has consigned M. Zola for a year, is, after the Conciergerie, the most interesting in Europe. The history of all the more famous prisons of France is curiously chequered. One begins as a royal palace, another as an abbey, a third as a convent, a fourth as a charitable asylum, a fifth as a hospital, a sixth as the dwelling of an order of mystico-military monks—and so forth. The terrible wand of the Revolution transforms one or another of them into prisons proper, and not a few of the historic dungeons of Paris trace the best or the worst of their renown to the massacres which heralded, and to the executions *en masse* which distinguished, the Reign of Terror.

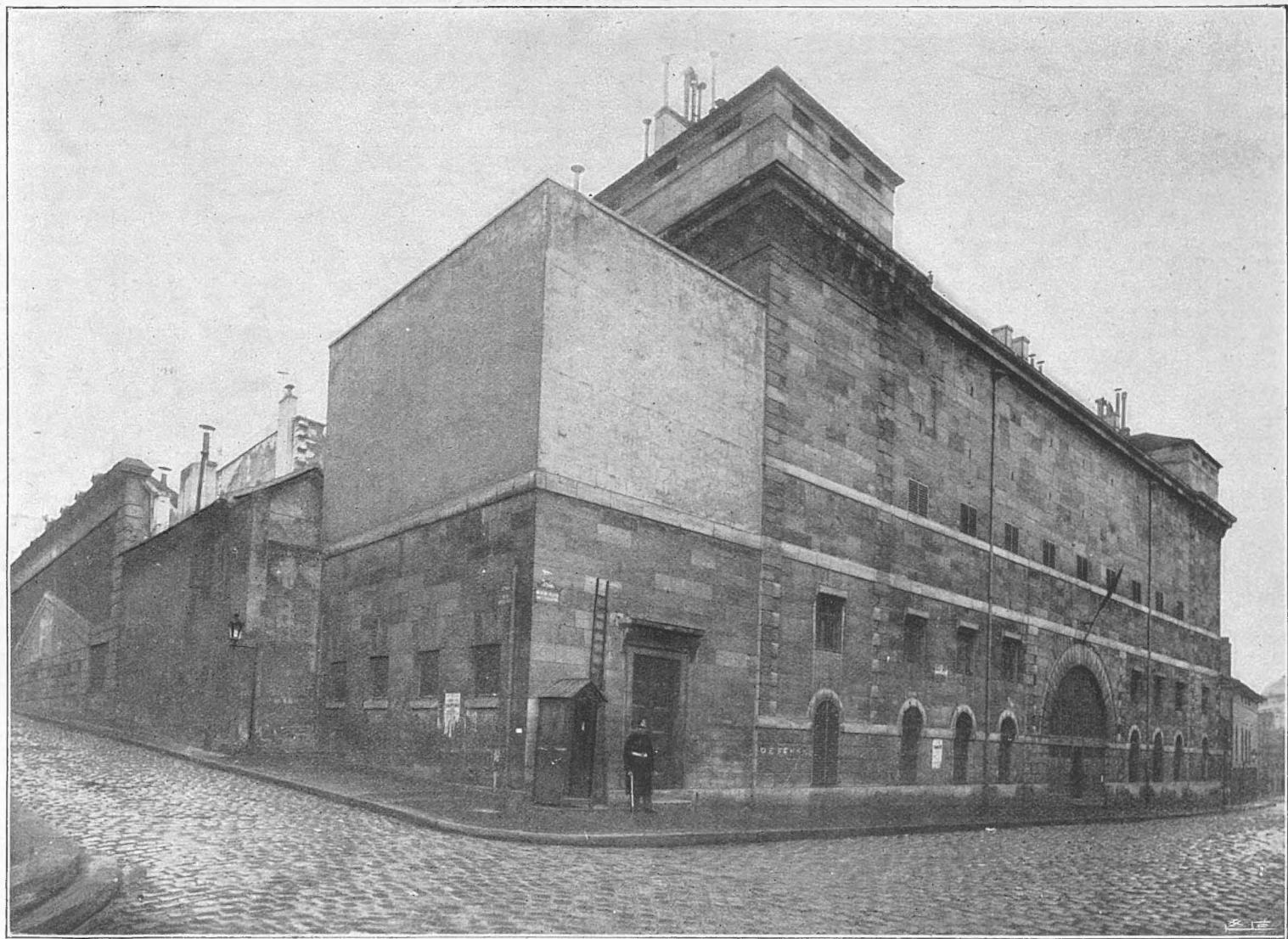
Sainte-Pélagie, like the Abbaye, Bicêtre, the Temple, the Conciergerie, the Madelonnettes, and the Luxembourg, was a prison of the Terror; but its story goes before and after that subversive era. In the reign of Louis XIV. it was a kind of convent or refuge for young women of the town whose unaccredited industry had ceased to be profitable to them; something less than a Lock Hospital, something more than a "home for the fallen." A Madame de Miramion was its abbess, under a title less

an eccentric who would not liberate himself by payment of some trivial debt which he seems never to have contracted. His whim was to pay the debts of other prisoners (there is very possibly a story here which has never been told, and of which the details are now not to be recovered), and he died within a day or two of his forcible release. The legend of the debtors' side of Sainte-Pélagie has all the interest that Dickens found in the Marshalsea.

In the reigns of Napoleon, Charles X., and Napoleon III., Sainte-Pélagie was a prison of State, and its political traditions survived until the *débâcle* of 1870. M. Rochefort, who was sent there for libel the other day, and has since been released, was one of the last of the prisoners of Napoleon III. to whom the Revolution of Sept. 4 gave back their liberty.

Every French prison has its tale of escapes, and it is just thirty-three years since an Englishman named Jackson contrived to slip his cable from Sainte-Pélagie. He had been condemned to five years' hard labour, for what crime no one knows. On a rainy night of January 1865, he forced a passage through the grated window of his cell, climbed a wall, passed the sentry, and walked quietly home.

Into this prison of so many vicissitudes M. Zola has just passed from his house in the Rue de Rivoli. It is impossible to be sorry for the



THE PRISON OF SAINTE-PÉLAGIE, WHICH WILL BE ZOLA'S ADDRESS FOR THE NEXT YEAR.

formidable; and Sainte-Pélagie continued to be half-convent, half-hospital, and half-refuge until, by order of the Convention, in the earlier days of the Revolution, it was converted into a prison for the suspects. Madame Roland (who was imprisoned first in the Abbaye) and Napoleon's Josephine were both prisoners of Sainte-Pélagie during the Terror: the one who was to go to the guillotine, the other who was to mount the throne. The September massacres lifted into happy fame a Governor of Sainte-Pélagie, Concierge Bouchotte, whom authentic history has credited with one of the few heroic deeds of the Revolution. Knowing that his prisoners were to be butchered, he slipped them out through a postern, and then made his warders tie himself and his wife with cords in the courtyard of the prison. When the doors were forced by the red-bonnets, "You are just five minutes too late, citizens!" said Bouchotte. "My prisoners overpowered us, and have slipped away." Had one of his warders betrayed his noble ruse, the brave Bouchotte was dead on the instant. He lives in history by this act only; what became of him is unknown. It was Sainte-Pélagie which received the *Tail* of Robespierre after the thunder-clap of the 9th of Thermidor (July 27, 1794) which finished the Revolution.

From 1797-1834 Sainte-Pélagie was the debtors' prison of Paris, and, for the interest of English readers, its history in this connection centres and is summed up in the long imprisonment of the American Colonel Swan,

profanation of justice which has compelled him to the exchange, because we know that his readers will one day be richer for his experiences of the prison-house. From M. Zola's pen we shall receive the next chapter in the history of Sainte-Pélagie. In conclusion, I may add that Mr. John Lane has had the enterprise to print the famous four letters that Zola wrote, Mr. L. F. Austin contributing an introduction.

Zola's revolt is hereditary, for his father, François Zola, a civil engineer, had to leave Venice for political reasons. He belonged to the revolutionary society of the Carbonari, whose members were hunted down by the Austrian police. Zola himself is a very strong Republican. His mother, Benedicte Kiaraki, was a native of Corfu. On leaving Italy, François Zola settled down at Aix, in Provence, where he was entrusted with the construction of the Aix Canal. Another branch of the Zola family still exists in Italy. Zola's father had an elder brother called Marco, who, like himself, cherished revolutionary sentiments. He managed to escape compromising himself, but, nevertheless, the Government always regarded him with suspicion, and through his whole career he was unlucky and never gained promotion. He left one son, the Chevalier Zola, now a Councillor at the Law Courts of Brescia, and two extremely beautiful daughters. One, named Benedicte, died young, and the other, Catherine, married the Chevalier Petrapoli, and lives at Venice.

T. H.

“BOBS” IN BRONZE.

Calcutta never saw such a military display as it witnessed on Wednesday, when Lord Elgin, the Viceroy, unveiled the bronze statue of the hero of Kandahar, which has been erected in the Red Road, Maidan. The statue is the work of Mr. Henry Bates, and nearly a lakh of rupees (£4000) was subscribed for it. You will notice that “Bobs” in bronze is very different from the “Bobs” which London saw mounted on that little grey Arab of his. Mr. Henry Bates has set the Field-Marshal on a gorgeous charger, proudly arched-necked, with tail erect. Compared with this Bucephalus, the little grey Arab, which is called Volonel, is a quiet, docile creature, with little spirit. As a matter of fact, however, as all the world knows, Volonel is a veteran who has faced death many a time. Lord Roberts bought him of an Arab horse-dealer in Bombay twenty-one years ago. He carried “Bobs” through the Afghan campaign, being awarded the Kandahar star and the medal. He has borne Lord Roberts fifty thousand miles, and is as good to-day as ever he was. So that here is a case where the real is better than the ideal. No wonder that this bronze charger is so much bigger than the little grey Arab, for no fewer than fourteen guns, presented by the Government, were melted down to form it, so that, like Volonel, it has a bit of breeding in its bronze veins. The statue was cast (at Fulham) in one piece, and was shipped to Calcutta several months ago. The delay in unveiling it was caused by the two minor supporting figures, representing “War” and “Victory,” which were not quite ready when the main figure was sent to the East. The Viceroy, in unveiling the Calcutta statue, alluded to that confidence which, born of sympathy and deepening into devotion, became a potent instrument in the hands of real leaders of men. Lord Elgin dwelt on the manner in which the Queen-Empress possessed and used this power. In conclusion, the Viceroy said the entire Army in India, European and native, trusted Lord Roberts as a friend who had studied their feelings in peace and in war. He greeted the monument as worthy to take a place among those erected to the builders of the Empire.



MISS PERCEVAL, DAUGHTER OF THE PREMIER WHO WAS SHOT.

Photo by Porter, Ealing.

woman of the early century. This neatness is exhibited through all the household, where the wheels of service run ever smoothly and noiselessly, by a staff whose devotion to their mistress could not be exceeded. She is able, unfortunately, to appear out of doors but little in winter, but her favourite seat at the window commands one of the prettiest views of the most park-like grounds of the district.” Long may Miss Perceval reign in her quiet home!

A PRIME MINISTER’S DAUGHTER.

The *Gentlewoman* publishes a most interesting illustrated article entitled “Miss Perceval at the Manor House, Ealing,” and it reveals to many of us for the first time the fact that a daughter of Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister, who was shot in the Lobby of the House of Commons in 1812, is still alive. One gets a striking idea of the period to which Miss Frederica Elizabeth Perceval belongs by the fact that her father was born in 1762 and was a son of the second Earl of Egmont, while the present Earl, who was formerly a member of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, is the eighth. Mr. Spencer Perceval was married in 1799 to a daughter of Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, and Miss Perceval was born in 1805, being just seven years old when her father was assassinated, and, although born in the very midst, as it were, of political intrigue and high politics, she would seem to have spent the greater part of her life in unostentatious well-doing and a rigid avoidance of publicity. In her young days Miss Perceval was taken by her father to the Court of George IV., and she remembers receiving kindnesses from the Princess Charlotte. She recalls meetings with Byron and other celebrities of the early part of the century. “Her own studiously courteous manners,” the writer in the *Gentlewoman* tells us, “reflect a time when men and women had leisure to be polite. In her becoming black silk gown—our grandmothers would have said of it, enviously, that it could stand alone—and handsome cap, with lace drapery falling over the shoulders, there is the perfect neatness and richness combined of the English gentle-



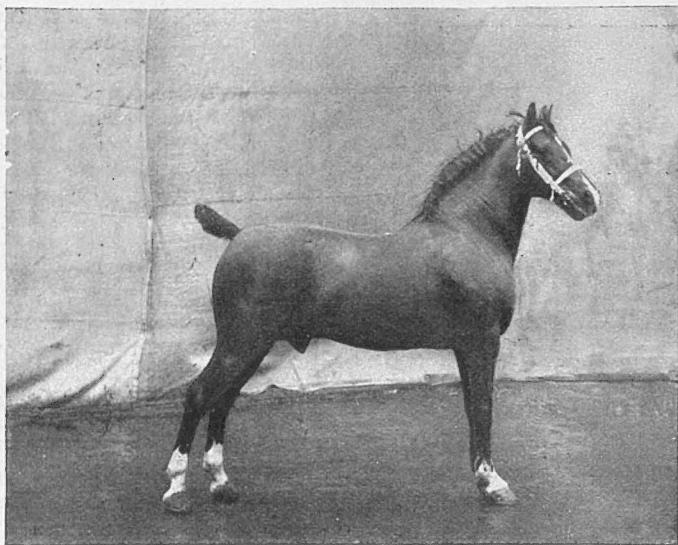
LORD ROBERTS ON HIS IDEAL CHARGER.

Photo by Shelley, Twickenham.

LORD ROBERTS ON HIS REAL CHARGER, THE ARAB VOLONEL.

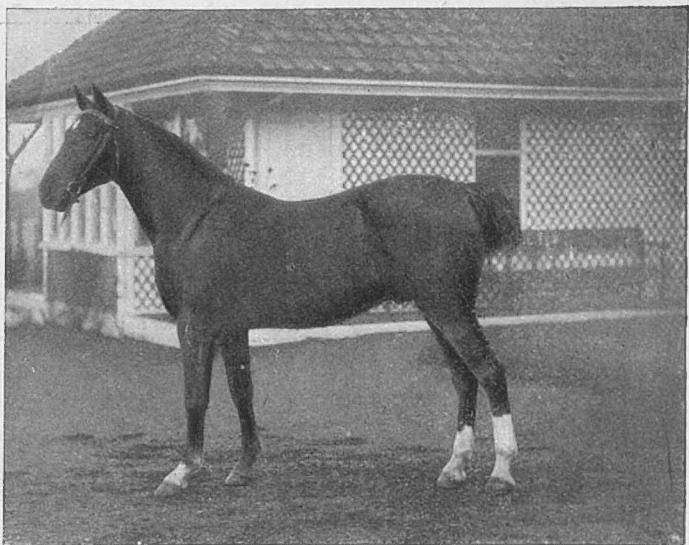
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

THE HAUGHTY HACKNEY AT HUMBLE ISLINGTON

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

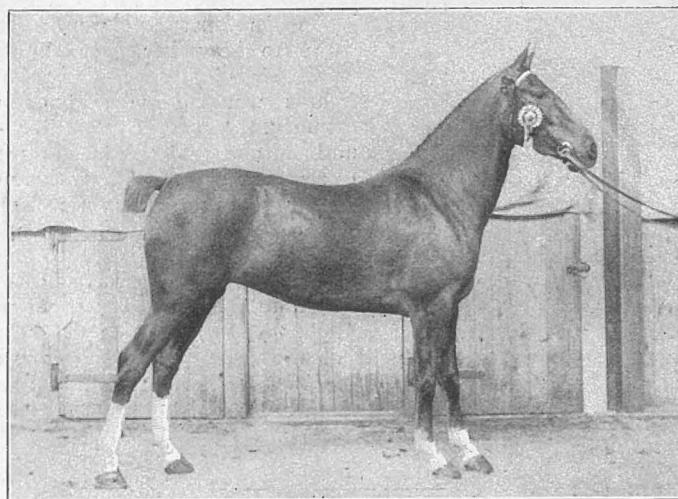
MR. HENRY WHITTICK'S WINNAL FIREAWAY.

The haughty Hackney—just think how he lifts his feet—chafed and champed in Islington last week, when the second of the great Spring Horse Shows was held. No fewer than 480 animals were exhibited,



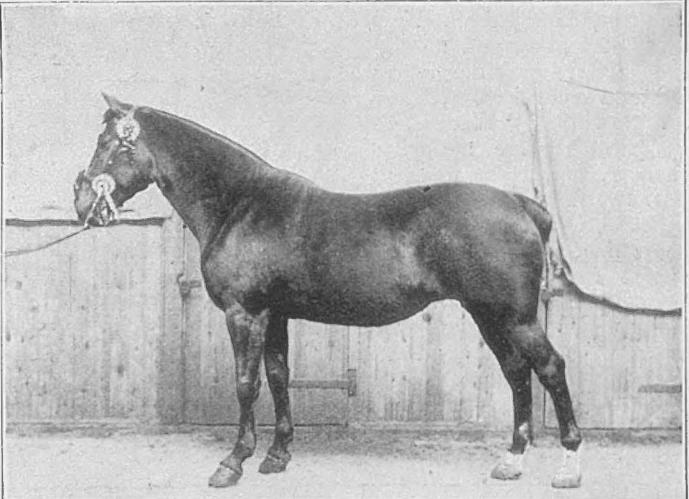
SIR WALTER GILBEY'S CHAMPION HACKNEY STALLION ROYAL DANEGELT.

Mr. F. Wrench, Ballybrack, Dublin. The exhibitors included all the best-known people in the Hackney breeding world, for among the names were to be found those of Lord Londesborough, Lord Egerton



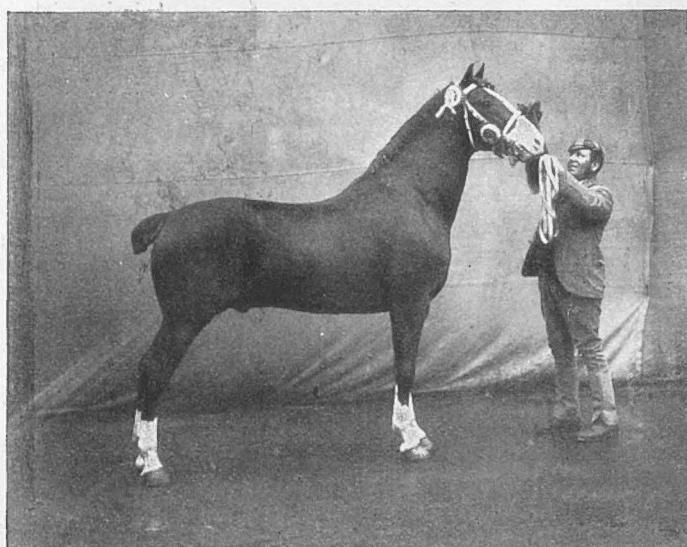
MR. C. E. GALBRAITH'S MARE VIVANDIÈRE, JUNIOR CHAMPION.

against 425 last year. The judges represented the three centres of the Hackney cult—Yorkshire, Cambridgeshire, and Dublin. They were Mr. Arthur Fewson, Hull; Mr. William Flanders, Ely; and

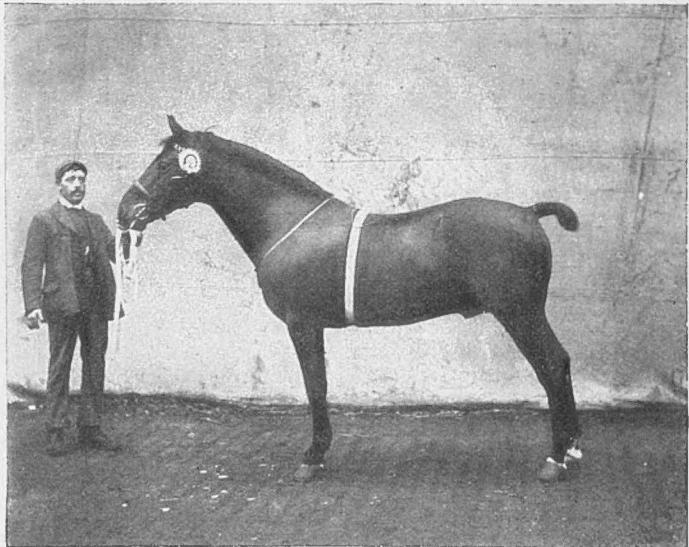


MR. W. S. FORSTER'S MARE BRUNETTE, THE CHAMPION OF THE SHOW.

of Tatton, Sir Walter Gilbe, Sir Gilbert Greenall, Lord Middleton, Sir R. D. Moncrieffe, Lord Walsingham, the Marquis of Winchester, Sir Frederick Ripley, and General Sir C. Brownlow.



MR. W. BUTTLE'S RESERVE CHAMPION ROSADOR.



SIR GILBERT GREENALL'S SIR HORACE.

“CZAR” REID OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

If you happen to be a rich man, a Scotchman, and have the gift of knowing a good thing when you see it (which is by no means a common gift), there are infinite possibilities in the out-of-the-way corners of the earth. The case of Mr. R. G. Reid, whom Mr. Beckles Willson a year ago christened the “Grand Duke of Newfoundland,” and whom the newspapers are referring to as “Czar” Reid, is an illustration of this truth.

Mr. Reid, who left his native land when a mere youth to seek his fortune, found it, and at the age of between fifty and sixty retired a millionaire. The story runs that one day, while in the drawing-room of his palatial residence in Montreal, a visitor drew his attention to Newfoundland. He described it as one of the most remarkable instances of ill-luck, considering its advantages and resources, of any country on the face of the globe. Here was an island, one-sixth larger than its sister distressful country, Ireland, which, from coast-line to coast-line, from whichever point one started, did not possess a single settlement, a house, a factory, a foot of railway, or even of roadway. All the population were fishermen or traffickers in fish, and inhabited the towns and villages along the shore. Although it was known, on the opinion of geological and metallurgical experts, to contain coal, iron, and copper in great quantities, yet no one had taken the trouble and expense of exploiting it. There it was, as it had been for two or three hundred years, waiting for colonial public spirit or outside enterprise and capital to relieve it from its abject poverty and wretchedness. Into the causes for this state of things it is not necessary here to enter, except to observe that the French Shore question and a race of narrow-minded politicians were two of them.

This aspect of Newfoundland impressed Mr. Reid. He began to see great possibilities in this neglected colony. Soon afterwards, a new Government came into power in the colony, determined to have a railway. As soon as Mr. Reid heard of this, he offered to build it. They wanted a short line; he offered to build a long one—right across the island, in fact. The colony had no money, and its credit was not of the best, as many of us can remember. The contractor agreed to build the new road for 15,600 dollars per mile, and to take their bonds in payment.

At last the great enterprise approached completion, and, as a railway's utility is closely connected with its owning rolling-stock and being put into running order, Mr. Reid again stepped into the breach and invited a bargain for the operation of the railway. His digressions into the interior had convinced him that Newfoundland was by no means a bad country. As the colony again had no money, he offered to take it out in land. He figured out the cost of operation at £20,000 sterling annually; so, in consideration of being given two and a-half million acres of land (nearly a third of the island, by the way), he would operate the railway for ten years. The Government agreed on the spot. Indeed, it was generally understood in the colony at the time, and is in some quarters to-day, that the contractor was getting the worst of the bargain.

Mr. Reid thus became the largest private landowner in the world, and lost little time in discovering a pretty accurate idea, as far as a large staff of experts, who have just finished a two years' labour, could ascertain it, what was the value of his new territorial acquisition. Being by this time not only territorial magnate, but wholesale mine-owner as well, he proposed another deal with the colony. He would pay them a million dollars cash, and operate the road for fifty years, if he were granted a monopoly of railways and telegraphs and the ownership at the expiration of that time. This proposition, embodied in a Bill, passed the House of Assembly unanimously, and has been signed by the Governor. This completes one of the greatest deals, on a commercial footing, in history.

Newfoundland becomes, henceforth, practically Reid Island.

And now that this once penniless Scotch lad has got his island to play with—the tenth largest island of the globe—what is he going to do with it?

One of his intimate friends answers this question—

“Mr. Reid is going to make Newfoundland one of the richest and most prosperous communities on the face of the world. If his health holds out—and at present he is not very robust—his energies will not be limited in any one direction. He has just spent fifty thousand pounds on a steamer to connect his railway across the Gulf with the Canadian Pacific. He will build fast steamers to cross the Atlantic in three or four days. He buys the St. John's Dry-dock for three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. He will build palatial new hotels all over the island, seven new steamers to ply to Labrador, an electric street-railway in the capital, and probably establish a Reid University on non-sectarian lines in St. John's. He will establish immigration bureaux in all the capitals of Europe, and arrange for the sale of tourist-tickets for the finest shooting and fishing to be had anywhere. And, above all, cod-fish will give way to copper, because it is now known that a great portion of Mr. Reid's territory contains the most valuable copper deposits ever discovered. In short, Klondyke is not in it with the boom which Newfoundland is now about to enjoy.”

And this is the story of the Man and the Island. A most interesting detail is afforded by the fact that Mr. Reid did not wait to hear the result of his latest proposition to the political authorities of the colony, but retired to a quiet little place near Los Angeles, California. His severe labours and enthusiasm of the past few years have somewhat shattered his health. It is here that the newspapers with their references to “Czar” Reid and the “Emperor Robert I. of Terra Nova” will reach him.

NEW YORK AND ITS “WAR EXTRAS.”

“War Extra! War Extra! Number twenty-nine! All about lickin' Spain out of her boots! We haint goin' to stand no nonsense from the Dagoes! War Extra, Mister! Latest News from the front!”

This is the cry that has been going out from thousands of newsboys' throats all over New York for over two weeks. It is loudest and thickest and hoarsest round about Park Row, or “Newspaper Row,” as we of the “profession” call it. The tumult commences at eight o'clock in the morning, for be it known that the first “War Extra” of the enterprising New York evening papers is selling on the street at that early hour! It is kept up till half-past eleven at night, when the last “War Extra” goes to press—that is, unless more important news from the “seat of hostilities” arrives just as the weary editors and reporters are putting on their coats and hats preparatory to going home and to bed and to sleep till—when? Why, till five o'clock in the morning, when they are up and breakfasting and hurrying back to the offices of the evening editions preparatory to bringing out the next day's “War Extras.” At four o'clock in the morning the morning papers are being sold in the streets. They contain all the “war” news that came after eleven-thirty of the previous night. They keep selling till eight o'clock, when, as I have stated before, the first edition of the “evening” papers comes out. After that, as each half-hour wings its flight, a new extra appears. Sometimes they follow each other at intervals of ten minutes.

Yesterday, on my way to the *World* office, I noticed a man whom I knew at first sight to be an Englishman. He had evidently been travelling for some time and had just arrived in our bustling country. He carried a bundle of walking-sticks and a much-labelled hand-bag, and he stood in the midst of City Hall Square, with a look of bewilderment, horror, almost terror, on his robust countenance. About twenty newsboys had surrounded him, flourishing *Evening Worlds* and *Evening Journals* in his face and yelling with all their might—

“War Extra, War Extra, Mister! All about how we're lickin' Spain, sinkin' gunboats, wipin' her off the face of the earth! Read about it in the twentieth edition of the *World*, Mister!”

“No, Mister! Yere's yer twenty-third edition of the *Journal*; full account o' the war! One cent, one cent! Twenty-third edition!”

Then came another cry of “Twenty-sixth edition of the *Evening World*; all about the war!”

The man dropped his sticks and his bag, exclaiming, “Great heavens! War! This is terrible! It must have been declared when I was on the ocean!”

He adjusted his spectacles, looked over the red and black head-lines, and when he found no account of a battle he looked more bewildered than ever. When I walked away I heard him asking information of a policeman concerning when war was declared between this country and Spain. But the sound of his voice and that of the policeman was soon drowned in the shouts of “War Extra! War Extra! Latest News from Havana!”

This cry of “War, war!” when there is no war, is being shouted these days and nights all over the city. Nothing seems to be talked of, nothing thought of, nothing planned for, but war. One cannot help wondering what the town would be like if there really were a war in progress. Would the newspapers bring out their extras every minute?

Certainly this City of New York the Greater is now a sad and bewildering sight to visiting foreigners. It is sad because of the hundreds of flags that hang drooping at half-mast from windows and staffs. Some of these banners have been torn to shreds by the late rains and winds. Not yet have the signs of mourning for the *Maine* disappeared.

Up in the newspaper offices whence come the wonderful “War Extras” there are scenes of such life, excitement, and elements of the tragic and comic as make the times of Presidential elections seem tame and uninteresting. The combined clicks of the telegraph and the typewriter are keeping up a continual din among the almost deafening shouts of “Copy! Copy! Where's that last extra, I'd like to know? What's that? A murder! Did you say Governor Blankety Blank was dead? Well, it can't be helped—there's no room to write a word about it. There's no room for anything but the *Maine* news. What's that? Red type! Of course, set it in red type! Copy!”

Up in the composing-rooms there are emergency head-lines, or “scare-heads,” eight columns wide and taking up the whole first pages of some of the papers, which have been in readiness ever since the news of the mishap to the *Maine* came. In case war is declared, the head-line is ready to announce the terrible calamity in such type of size and colour as will burn it into the very heart.

It is an understood thing that everybody employed on the staff of the papers is expected to write something on the one subject of interest. The newspaper women are not so busy as they usually are, on account of their inability to get news of “rumours of war” as readily as the men. But whatever women can do in the matter is being done by them. One woman made a house-to-house visitation among hundreds of women of every station in life, just to question them as to what they would do if war were declared. Another woman got on board the *Vizcaya* in disguise. Another has interviewed the newsboys on the subject.

The reporter who cannot write about the “war,” and the artist who is unable to make sketches of battleships, bombardments, the Spanish bull with Uncle Sam holding his horns, or of the boy King of Spain being spanked by Miss Columbia, has, during these exciting days and nights, no opportunity to help in the making of the great “War Extras” of our New York papers.

ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

Chief Office: HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Summary of the Report Presented at the Forty-ninth Annual Meeting, held on March 3, 1898,

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of Policies issued during the year was 65,893, assuring the sum of £6,698,755, and producing a New Annual Premium Income of £365,996.

The Premiums received during the year were £2,774,264, being an increase of £281,002 over the year 1896.

The Claims of the year amounted to £707,643. The number of deaths was 5038, and 656 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Policies in force at the end of the year was 497,327.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The Premiums received during the year were £4,793,591, being an increase of £214,798.

The claims of the year amounted to £1,823,338. The number of deaths was 192,359, and 1876 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Free Policies granted during the year to those Policy-holders of five years' standing who desired to discontinue their payments was 60,848, the number in force being 549,889. The number of Free Policies which became Claims during the year was 10,716.

The total number of Policies in force at the end of the year was 12,546,132: their average duration exceeds eight and a quarter years.

The Assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the Balance-Sheet, are £30,438,337, being an increase of £3,379,226 over those of 1896. A supplement showing in detail the various investments is published with this report.

Having regard to the growth of the Company, and also with a view to afford relief to the Managers and Secretary, the Directors have made certain rearrangements and alterations in the Chief Office Staff. Messrs. Dewey, Hughes, and Fisher will in future be Joint General Managers, and certain duties of administration have been entrusted to a number of senior officials, whose long and intimate acquaintance with the management has qualified them for promotion. The Directors believe that the traditions of management which have produced such successful results in the past will thus be continued in the future.

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET OF THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED, on Dec. 31, 1897.

LIABILITIES.		£	s.	d.
Shareholders' capital	...	1,000,000	0	0
Ordinary Branch funds	...	15,134,804	10	3
Industrial Branch funds	...	13,568,033	14	10
Reserve fund	...	600,000	0	0
Claims under life policies admitted	...	135,499	4	7
		£30,438,337	9	8
ASSETS.		£	s.	d.
British Government securities (£3,000,000 Consols)	...	2,982,232	16	11
Indian and Colonial Government securities	...	2,814,523	18	3
Railway and other debentures and debenture stocks	...	2,159,273	7	5
Loans on County Council, Municipal, and other rates	...	5,992,665	1	10
Freehold ground rents and Scotch feu duties	...	2,628,268	9	6
Freehold and leasehold property	...	1,882,662	5	6
Mortgages	...	3,155,015	1	3
Railway, gas, and water stocks	...	4,963,189	13	5
Suez Canal shares	...	168,489	5	8
Telegraph and other shares	...	26,025	11	7
Metropolitan Consolidated stock, and City of London bonds	...	363,420	13	6
Bank of England stock	...	200,559	18	6
Foreign Government securities	...	692,757	9	2
Reversions and Life Interests	...	473,705	9	5
Loans on the Company's policies	...	578,520	8	3
Rent charges	...	153,077	17	4
Outstanding premiums	...	402,094	18	1
Cash in hands of Superintendents and Agents' balances	...	49,911	6	5
Outstanding interest and rents	...	231,677	18	7
Cash—On deposit, on current accounts, and in hand	...	520,265	19	1
		£30,438,337	9	8

We have examined the Cash transactions, Receipts, and Payments affecting the Accounts of the Assets and investments for the year ended Dec. 31, 1897, and we find the same in good order and properly vouched. We have also examined the Deeds and securities, Certificates, &c., representing the Assets and investments set out in the above Account, and we certify that they were in possession and safe custody as on Dec. 31, 1897.

DELOTTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS AND CO.

Feb. 15, 1898.

THOS. C. DEWEY } Joint
WILLIAM HUGHES } General
FREDERICK FISHER } Managers.
W. J. LANCASTER, Secretary.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30,
THE LITTLE MINISTER, by J. M. Barrie,
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8,
JULIUS CAESAR.

MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Seats booked from 2s. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

S. T. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER,
Sole Lessee and Manager,
EVERY EVENING at 8, Shakespeare's Comedy of
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2. Box Office 10 to 10.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—The Mentone of England, adjoining
St. Leonards. THE SACKVILLE HOTEL, an ideal winter and spring residence,
combining the latest improvements and attractions at moderate prices.
Special inclusive terms till Easter.
For tariff, &c., apply to Manager.

OLYMPIA.

BARNUM AND BAILEY.

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

LAST FOUR WEEKS.

Positively Closing the London Engagement on Saturday, April 2.

Touring the Provinces on Seventy American Railway Cars, and Exhibiting the
Undivided Show under Twelve Mammoth Canvas Pavilions,
Seating nearly 15,000 Persons.

Three Circus Companies in Three Rings.
Two Olympian Stages, One Huge Race-Track.
Two Complete Menageries, Three Herds of Elephants.
Museum of Living Freaks and Curiosities.
Twenty Funniest Clowns on Earth.
Seventy Horses Performing in One Ring.
Four Hundred Horses, Two Dromes of Camels, Hosts of Queer Animals.
One-Thousand-and-One Marvellous Sights and Wonderful Objects.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS DAILY,

At 2 and 8 p.m.

Doors open at 12.30 and 6.30.

Early Gates open (Hammersmith Road) at 12 noon and 6 p.m. for 3s. seats and upwards.
Early Entrance Fee 6d. extra.

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SMALL TALK.

New Zealand, like Australia, has thrown off many of the restraints which still dominate the Old Country. It takes an easy-going view of life—just remember the Colonial Premiers—and the merrier outlook which is part and parcel of youth. Thus there is a touch of irony in the fact that her Majesty is represented in New Zealand by a kinsman of John Knox, for such is the Earl of Ranfurly, whose family name is Knox. If John Knox had taken off his "K," his name, according to many people, would have been the (Latin) label of his gloomy character. But a good mixture of Irish blood in his veins—for the Knoxes of Ranfurly, Renfrewshire, went over to the Green Isle during last century—has made Uchter John Mark Knox, Earl of Ranfurly, a very different sort of ruler from the other Knox who was practically king.

Lord Ranfurly is forty-two. He is married to Lord Charlemont's sister, and his heir, Viscount Northland, is sixteen years old. Like his progenitor, who had so much to do with Queen Mary, Lord Ranfurly has come into contact with the Queen as a Lord-in-Waiting.

There is a Fitzmaurice once more in the House of Commons. Lord Edmond, the brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne, has returned to it after an absence of thirteen years. He entered Parliament thirty years ago, when Mr. Gladstone first became Prime Minister, and he left it before the occurrence of the Home Rule split, which severed the head of his family from their former political leader. In the 1880 Parliament Lord Edmond rose to be Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with his chief in the Upper House, a post which Mr. Curzon now magnifies. On the Treasury Bench of that time the Fitzmaurices and Cavendishes were among Mr. Gladstone's most trusted colleagues and friends. Lord Edmond did not excel as an orator; his manner was hard, but he was industrious and exceedingly well-informed on foreign affairs, and could knock Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett over with as much ease as that function was performed by Sir Charles Dilke. In those days he was decidedly one of the rising men in the Liberal Party. But *treize ans après!* His beard is grey now; the great majority of members know him only through "*Hansard*"; a new Parliamentary career at fifty-two is not assured of success.

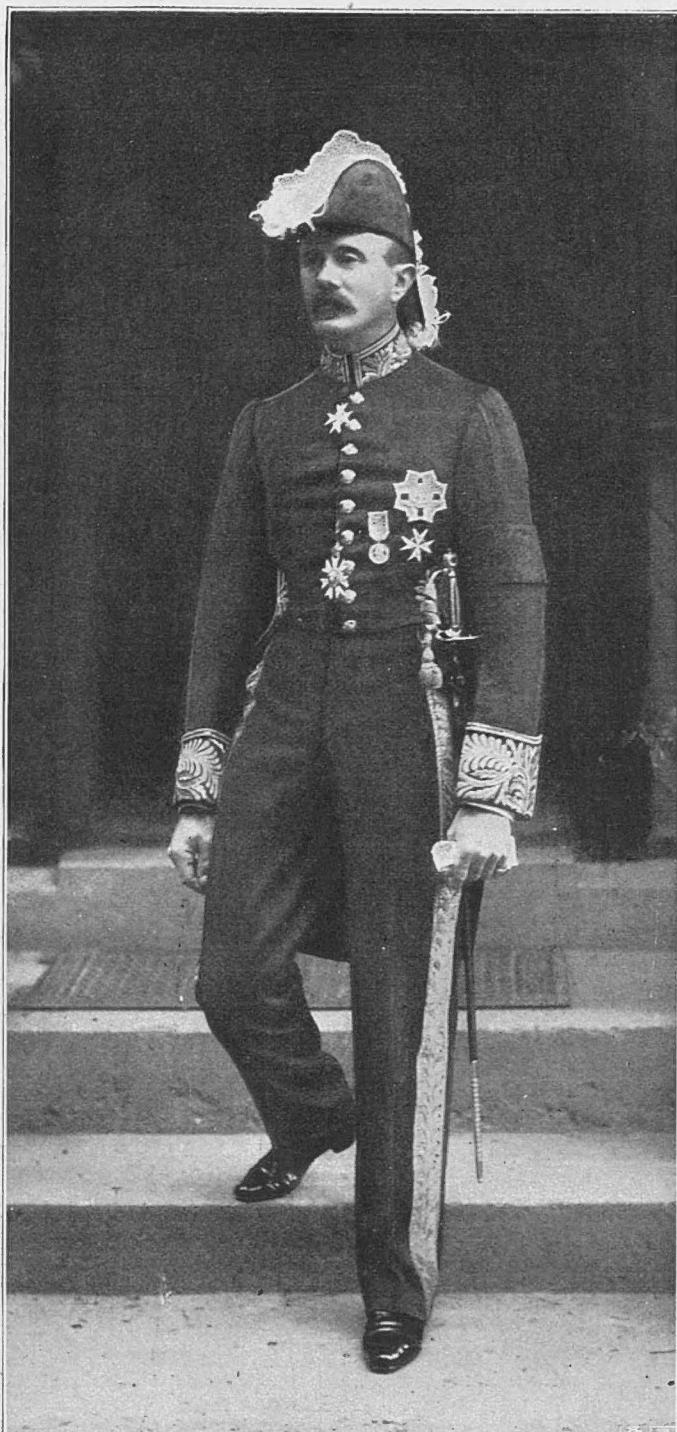
It has been said that Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice had a right to sit on the Front Opposition Bench. He had no such right. Probably he would not have ventured to take a seat on the Front Bench had not Sir William Harcourt escorted him to it. There is no written rule with regard to the Bench, but, as matter of custom, it is occupied only by members of the immediately preceding Government and by Privy Councillors. Lord Edmond is not a member of the Privy Council, and has not been in office since 1885. Sir Charles Dilke sits below the gangway, although he was in office at the same time as the noble lord and is a Right Honourable. There are members of more recent Liberal Governments who sit on the back benches. Among these are Mr. Asher and Mr. Broadhurst. It was only on the invitation of Sir William Harcourt that the late Mr. Mundella, who had resigned his post in the last Government, took a place on the Front Bench among his former colleagues when they went into opposition. The invitation given to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice may indicate that Sir William Harcourt desires his assistance in speaking for the Liberal Party on foreign affairs.

In his "character sketch" of Mr. John Burns, M.P., in the current *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Stead "wonders whether there is any relationship between Burns, Robert, and Burns, John." A correspondent of a northern paper, who has "seen both the famous John and a grandson of the great Robert," is impressed with some points of similarity. John Burns of

Battersea and the grandson in question, named Robert, who was a schoolmaster in Dumfries, had each a head and pair of shoulders exactly alike, "and the head of each was as black as that of a Galloway bullock"; John is shorter and more sturdy, however, than the schoolmaster, who was reputed to resemble his grandfather more closely than any of the three sons of the poet. The heads of John Burns and Robert the poet, he adds, "are very similar, if not identical; but I should say John has more combativeness than Robert had. If the Member for Battersea cannot, as Mr. Stead says, count the Ayrshire bard among his ancestors, it is possible that he may have come in direct descent from the brother of the poet's father. The two brothers left their home in Kincardine together, and, in the words of Gilbert Burns, 'parted on the top of a hill on the confines of their native place, each going off his several way.'" It is more likely that John Burns may be directly descended from this uncle than that he should have come from the poet's brother Gilbert.

I much enjoyed the effective trouncing which Mr. Walkley in the *Star* inflicted on Mr. George Bernard Shaw for the latter's attempt to advocate the use of the split infinitive. Mr. Shaw, of course, although a very powerful and original critic, is not precisely a master of style, and cannot in any case be considered a very safe guide in the art of composition. There is, of course, no arguing with people who persist in writing in a slovenly fashion. As well discuss matters of good taste in eating as of good taste in writing. I have known a most learned and most kindly German professor clean his plate by an energetic application of a steel knife to his mouth, and in England many otherwise estimable people are known to convey cheese to the mouth with a knife. It is merely a matter of taste; most of us have come to consider it vulgar.

The Honourable Artillery Company, whose headquarters at Finsbury the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the other day, is not only the oldest, but by far the most interesting body of Volunteers in London, and its records are rich in curious items. Incorporated by Henry VIII. in 1507, under the title of the Fraternity or Guild of St. George, for the practice of military exercises and the "better encrease of the defence of this o' Realme," it has seen strange things in its day, and has been in its present quarters since 1641. It supplied a number of officers for Tilbury at the time of the Armada in 1588, who were called "Captains of the Artillery Garden"; it shared only too personally in the horrors of the Great Plague of 1665, which swept off ten of its officers; and the Great Fire the following year only just spared it, for there is an order in the Company's books that the breach made in the wall "in the time of the late dreadful fire" be forthwith made up. The Honourable Artillery Company did good service in aiding the civil power in the Gordon Riots of 1780



LORD RANFURLY, GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND.

Photo by Standish and Preece, New Zealand.

and the Chartist Riots in 1848, and royalty has always recognised its value. The royal autographs in the possession of the Company include those of Charles II., James II., William III., George II., George IV., William IV., the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales. Other interesting autographs include those of the great Duke of Marlborough, Prince Rupert, the first Duke of Albemarle, the Duke of Monmouth, Sir Christopher Wren, Samuel Pepys, the Prince of Gossips, and John Milton, who, as a young man of twenty-seven, was admitted a member of the Company in 1635. The influence of the Reformation may be traced in such autographs as those of Repent Browne, Praise Barbon, and Humiliation Hynde, and an interesting glimpse of old-world manners may be obtained in the erasure of the name (one of two only that ever were erased for ill-behaviour) of John Currey, a seventeenth century unworthy, whose name, by order of the Court of Assistants, was struck out of "the Great Book" for his unmanly conduct in "biting of his wife's nose."

The beginning of the year found three of our dukes who were "legal infants"—the Duke of Albany, the Duke of Leinster, and the Duke of Manchester. The last-named of these young noblemen came of age last week, but the festivities which will mark that event in the ancient home of the Mandevilles will not take place for some little time, the Duke being at Cambridge, where he is a student. Kimbolton Castle, the seat of the Dukes of Manchester, though it cannot claim to be one of the most picturesque of our great old houses, may certainly claim a unique interest, for here died Katharine of Arragon, the divorced wife of that monarch whom some modern schoolboy has well described as "the greatest widower who ever lived." The stage has often tried to give the works of Shakspeare a fitting and a realistic setting; but here at Kimbolton the setting of a portion—perhaps the most touching portion—of the history of Henry VIII. remains the thing itself, the actual scene in which the heroine played her part, where she penned that noble and unselfish letter to her selfish spouse, and where, in her last moments, she saw the heavenly vision of—

... a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun.
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear

Kimbolton, as a well-known writer once said, is "a genuine Shaksperian house in which men still live and love, still dress and dine," and one would hardly be surprised if the old tradition were absolutely true, and if the dwellers at Kimbolton sometimes beheld the pale ghost of the injured Queen glide after dark along the corridors, robed in white, with the royal crown upon her head. The castle itself in part dates back only to the times of that celebrated architect

Sir John Vanbrugh, to whom the then Countess of Manchester gave a commission to rebuild the garden front, which had fallen into decay. The great, solid, imposing structure, as it stands to-day, with its contents, its park, and its perhaps unapproachable associations, is one of which its young possessor may indeed be proud.

Though you might not think it, this picture of the Hon. Mrs. R. FitzWilliam as Lady Hamilton is really a photograph, although it looks like an old miniature.

Passing along Piccadilly a recent forenoon, I was one of the many interested spectators of a sight such as is rarely

seen in the heart of modern London. This could not have been beheld had not the open gates from Chiswick been placed where formerly stood the grim, implacable walls of Devonshire House. Within the courtyard the Duke of Devonshire himself—wearing a top-hat, surrounded by a knot of friends and attendants, and with his hands deep in his pockets, almost as they used to be on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons—was watching two fine horses being exercised in a brake. The whole scene suggested to me the title of a new Drury Lane drama, "The Sporting Duke."

One of the cleverest women in Europe is lying at the present moment on what her friends fear will prove to be her death-bed. Princess Clementina of Saxe-Coburg, who, with the exception of the Prince de Joinville, is the only surviving child of Louis Philippe, was launched on a career of political intrigue at an age when most girls have not yet exchanged dolls for partners at a ball. Her father, most shrewd and astute of men, recognised in her certain qualities of his own which had failed to appear in his brilliant band of sons, and would describe the sinuous lines on which he proposed to march with greater candour in his conversations with her than with any person except his more trusted Ministers of State. She continued to be a power in France till the fall of Louis Philippe, though her marriage with Prince Auguste of Saxe-Coburg took place some years before the historic '48. From that time London saw much of her, as she often came over to relieve the tedium of the exile of her father and Queen Marie Amélie. On the death of the former, she succeeded to a very large fortune, and, having a special talent for finance in all its branches, she has more than doubled this in the course of her long life by means of careful investment and judicious speculation. Sparing almost to parsimony in her personal expenditure, she has always been generous in the extreme when the interests of her family were at stake. The two countries which have

profited most by her munificence are Brazil, where her second son contracted an imperial matrimonial alliance, and Bulgaria, the crown of which principality she secured for her youngest and favourite son. It is an open secret that it is not so much the burden of her advanced years which has broken down the health of the Princess, but trouble caused by the differences between her son Prince Philip of Coburg and his consort.

King Bell of the Cameroons is dead. The portrait of his late lamented Majesty does not do him justice, because, as a matter of fact, the old man was rarely seen with anything on beyond his waist-cloth. In the rainy season he was accustomed to add to this a long flannel shirt, worn flying loose. His faithful subjects held a regular wake when he died. A death "play" called "Elon" was played. The said "Elon" was nothing but a painted, pagoda-like figure made of laths and cloths, covered over with the mirror tops of snuff- or pomade-boxes, with a native inside who danced the thing up the street and down again, and the play (?) was over. The ordinary death play had been going on for a week or more. The strangest part about the whole proceedings perhaps was the invitation to "Elon," dated Jan. 8, 1898, of which the following is a literal copy—

On next Monday, the 10th inst., the last general mourning procession respective to the death of my late father will take place. On this occasion (*sic*) many national dances accompanied by different "gugu" will be exhibited in memo of him. "Elon" what never has been seen by foreigners even by several members of the nativity of Cameroons what only has been carried out in the night will also finally be brought at the first time before the day. It is very strange how most natives were of the opinion of course governed by superstition "Elon" were a Ghost. Very interesting it is to have sight of "Elon" because it represents a historical object of the Duala natives, namely, it wears the crown of the late King Bell. The plays commence from 7 o'clock a.m. "Elon" the main object of the last play will appear between $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10-11 o'clock. I therefore beg respective to invite all Europeans, even all foreigners at Cameroons to witness the exhibition. I beg the Superiors Kindly to grant their subalterns the pleasure in permitting them also if possible to see the plays on Monday morning. End of the plays $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 o'clock a.m. The verandah of the I stock [probably meant for first storey], my late father house is reserved for Europeans.

(Signed) MANGA BELL.

Besides the King's invitation the "actors" issued this notice—

We the undersigned beg to solicit from all strangers and the public in general here present some donations or rather funds to help us the members of this play which as publicly known in honour of the worthy memory of our late King Bell of Cameroons. The play is called the "Elon" it is a play or rather a juju that has been in Cameroons for about fifty to sixty years elapse and not for a day has come out during the day or rather so publicly as to-day. It is generally played by 12 midnight, not a native is even allowed where the play uses to take place who is not a member without a fine. But finding it expedient to extend or propagate the solemn memory of our late worthy King we here unanimously agreed to expose it to-day. So that whoever sees it will speak about same wherever he travels, and this therefore, tends to the extention as we have aforesaid stated. Anybody who will therefore be pleased or rather thinks it worthy to offer anything will be good enough as to sign behind.

(Signed) MANGA BELL.

[Here follow the signatures of other members of the play.]

My correspondent adds in conclusion: "While watching the play I noticed a Gold Coast photographer dodging round hoping to get a photo of the "Elon," but he was promptly chased away, the natives not wishing any photos taken. One or two white men I noticed had Kodaks, but I have not heard if any were successful."

Colonel J. A. Spreckley, C.M.G., who commanded the Bulawayo Field Force and figured so conspicuously in the Matabele War, has been presented with a silver centrepiece designed and executed by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company. It consists of a bowl for fruit or flowers, having upon one side a panel containing in finely executed relief-work a faithful representation of the Bulawayo Laager as it appeared during the rising. On the reverse side are trophies of Matabele arms and shields, one shield bearing the inscription, "Unguza, June 6, 1896," drawing attention to the two localities specially connected with Mr. Spreckley's name and his unselfish and valuable assistance to the community generally.

Between these panels are ornamental shields surrounded by laurel and surmounted by an enraged African lion wounded by an assegai. Upon the pedestal are finely modelled statuettes of a trooper of the Bulawayo Field Force and a Matabele armed with assegais, shield, and "knob-kerrie."



THE LATE LAMENTED KING OF THE CAMEROONS.



THE HON. MRS. R. FITZWILLIAM.

Photo by Esme Collings, New Bond Street, W.



A SILVER CENTREPIECE.

Wednesday was a great day for the Wesleyans, for it marked the hundred and seventh anniversary of Wesley's death in the house in the City Road which was dedicated on Wednesday as a museum of interesting relics relating to the man and the great movement he inaugurated. A series of meetings was held, beginning at five o'clock in the morning, the hour that Wesley began his day, and Sir Henry Fowler spoke at a lunch, recalling the fact that his father lived and died in the very house. The building has remained in almost exactly the same condition as it was last century. Even the teapot presented to the famous revivalist by Wedgwood still stands on the chest of drawers in his bedroom. Although it is lidless and the spout is broken, one of the numerous American visitors who annually inspect the place as a landmark in London offered to buy it for £2000. One of the conditions under which the gift of £5000 for securing the future maintenance of the building has been granted stipulates that the trustees shall make no structural alteration in the house, which must be kept as far as possible in the state Wesley left it.

The steamer *Bathori* must be a marvellous vessel. While on a voyage from Fiume to Glasgow, with a general cargo of flour and other things, she ran ashore at Larbrax Bay, near Port Patrick, on Dec. 5. After some three months of continued westerly gales beating her along the beach, she still remains as shown in the picture. The vessel was built by Wegham, Richardson, and Co., Neptune Works, Walker, Newcastle, and the fact that she has so long withstood the heavy gales



THE HOUSE IN THE CITY ROAD WHERE WESLEY LIVED AND DIED.

Photo by Bolas, Ludgate Hill.

accompanied her father on an extended tour in Western Australia, and quite recently she returned from a six-months' journey to China and Japan.

for which this part of the coast is noted is surely a good recommendation as to the quality of work turned out by British workmen. Nearly the whole of the cargo has been salved by the Glasgow Salvage Company, a very unusual thing on this coast. There are still hopes of saving the stout vessel.

That excellent regimental paper, the *Red Hackle*, which represents the Black Watch, has started a competition, "Why I became a Soldier." One private gave, among other reasons, "Because Papa cut me off with a shilling; because my girl jilted me; because I wanted to see the world cheap; because the police wanted me to join a prison." Another joined because he was a piper, and the regiment was short of pipers, and also because his heart "warmed to the tartan." Another competition was, "Why the Editor Should Give that Rupee to Me?" The winner gave as one of his reasons, "Because of my hard neck in asking for it."

I learn from the *Daily Chronicle* that a marriage has been arranged between Miss Kate Pritchard-Morgan, the elder daughter of Mr. W. Pritchard-Morgan, M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil, and Count Eric Piper, of Snogeholm, South Sweden. The formal betrothal took place at the residence of the bridegroom-elect—who is a nephew of a former Swedish Minister to this country—a short time ago. Miss Pritchard-Morgan has seen much more of the world than many who are accounted travellers. Some two years ago she



THIS STEAMER WAS DRIVEN ON THE ROCKS AT LARBRAX BAY THREE MONTHS AGO, AND STILL WITHSTANDS THE STORMS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MILNES, STRANRAER.

Although so far from civilisation, we of "C" Troop, British South African Police (writes a correspondent), spent a very merry Christmas, finishing up with two days' athletic sports, which included tent-pegging, a Victoria Cross race, water-polo, and a costume-race on donkeys.



HOW "C" TROOP OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE ENJOYED THEMSELVES ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

To make competition keen, a special prize of a handsome silver cup was presented by our officer commanding (Captain Bowden) to the best all-round athlete, Trooper Gould, late of the Dulwich Vale Invicta Club, being the winner. The photo (by our Amateur Photographer, R. Firminger) shows Trooper A. Gould (cup-winner) and the first and second in the costume-race, Corporal C. W. Green (the Frenchman) and Corporal J. M. Flynn (Bedouin Arab).

Though practically unknown to Europe, the "Compound Kaffir" plays a very important part in the fortunes of South Africa. The "Compound Kaffir" is not, as the name might lead the reader to suppose, a composite being. He is merely a native of the country employed to work in the goldfields or diamond-mines on the compound system. In days gone by the natives engaged in the service of white men became so rapidly demoralised as to prove practically useless to their masters, and

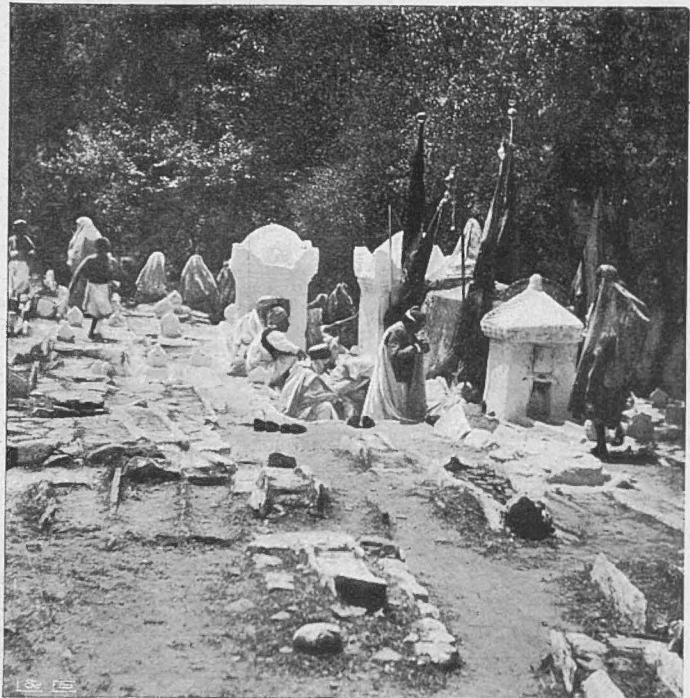


NATIVES BOUND FOR THE GOLDFIELDS.

it was in order to prevent the stealing, drunkenness, and immorality thus caused that the compound was invented. The compound, then, is an enclosure of considerable extent adjoining the mine or place of work in which the Kaffirs engaged are housed. Within this enclosure are barracks. The only way out leads to the mine, and the parts of the enclosure bordering on the outside world are roofed in so as to render it impossible to throw anything over the wall. From the time that the Kaffir signs on to the date of his discharge he does not quit the compound except to go to his work. Immediately that is accomplished he returns.

His creature comforts are well looked after. He is well housed and fed, but strong drink is denied him, while any luxuries desired (with this exception) he can purchase in the compound, the cost being deducted from his wages. The wage paid varies from five to seven shillings a-day. All that the Kaffir who desires to go home has to do is to give notice to the manager, and he receives his earnings and is free. As a rule, he returns to his people, and buys a wife and some cows proportionate to the money he has earned. The "Compound Kaffirs" do not all come from Kaffraria. Contingents hail from Basutoland, Griqualand, Bechuanaland—indeed, from every part of South Africa where tidings of the fortunes to be made at Kimberley or Johannesburg have reached. They start, as a rule, with a minimum of clothing, but pick up odd garments on the road, until they arrive at civilisation attired in miscellaneous garb, as suggested in the accompanying illustration.

The graveyards of Tunis, just as much as the mosques there, are forbidden ground to Infidels. This is because the French are in Tunis



A GRAVEYARD IN TUNIS.
Photo by Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

not by conquest, but by treaty. In Algeria, however, you may wander where you like, and there are often picturesque scenes in the Mohammedan cemeteries there. The above photograph represents the tomb of a marabout, or Moslem saint, and various pilgrims engaged in devotions there. The marabout's tomb is draped with rich prayer-carpets and hangings, and is flanked by an array of flags surmounted by crescents or lanterns. These lanterns are sometimes lit during the nights of Ramadan, and give a weird, ghostly effect to the cemeteries. The flags and draperies are votive offerings, put up on much the same principle as the ornaments hung by pious Papists on the altars of their saints.

A man is in trouble or desires something, and he makes a vow that, if everything goes right, he will place a flag at the tomb of a certain marabout. Then, from time to time, he will come to offer prayers or recite passages of the Koran at this sacred spot. At the entrance to the tomb may be noticed the shoes which the pilgrims have doffed before venturing on holy ground. The little white chapels are also receptacles of votive offerings. Some deposit incense, others light fairy-lamps there, others bring candles, oil, and other negotiable articles. A certain marabout is supposed to have a particular fancy for olives, another for sheepskins. Such is the extent of this practice that there was recently a lawsuit at Tunis between two branches of a marabout's family as to which of them should be entitled to carry off the offerings. The invocation of saints is entirely contrary to the spirit and teaching of Islam, but it has made great strides of late. Madness is considered a proof of saintliness by Mohammedans, and many of their most venerated marabouts would with us have been shut up in asylums. They have even borrowed some of their marabouts from the Christians. They venerate Cardinal Lavigerie as "the Scarlet Marabout," and St. Louis as "Sidi Bou Said." They have a legend that St. Louis became a Moslem before he died.

Miss Isabel Jay is one of the latest and most promising additions to the operatic stage. She entered the Royal Academy of Music in 1895, where she studied singing and elocution for about two years, securing two silver and three bronze medals, and was also the first winner of the Gilbert Betjemann Memorial Gold Medal for operatic singing. During this time she made several highly successful appearances at the St. James's and Queen's Halls, scoring a great success for her interpretation of Cherubino in the "Nozze di Figaro," while her excellent rendering of Rosina in Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" brought her several offers of engagements. She ultimately, however, accepted that of Mr. D'Oyly Carte. Miss Jay made her débüt on the operatic stage last July at the Savoy Theatre, giving an extremely good performance as Elsie Maynard in "The Yeomen of the Guard," after which she joined one of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's touring companies, and is at present obtaining enthusiastic receptions for the prima-donna rôles in "The Mikado," "Iolanthe," "The Sorcerer," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "His Majesty," and "The Pirates of Penzance." Miss Jay has an excellent soprano voice and an artistic method, coupled with considerable dramatic ability, so that her prospects for the future are extremely brilliant. The fact that she was engaged by Mr. D'Oyly Carte straight from the Royal Academy of Music to play the prima-donna part at the Savoy Theatre speaks for itself. Such a course is, I understand, most unusual, if not unique.

The death of the venerable Mrs. Nettleship recalls the fact that she was the mother of sons in their way almost as distinguished as those of Cornelia. Two of them, Henry and Richard Lewis Nettleship—both, alas! dead—acquired celebrity in the domains of scholarship and of University life; a third is the well-known animal-painter, Mr. J. T. Nettleship; and the fourth is Mr. Edward Nettleship, an oculist of some eminence. Thus all the four brothers exerted considerable influence in different directions.

The recent case in which a man shorn off his enemy's beard recalls to mind that in the days of Clement VII. it was a question of debate whether or no the wearing of beards by priests was decent, honourable, and sanctioned by religion. The champion of the beard was a native of Belluno, known to posterity by his academical name of Pierius Valerian. Ransacking Holy Writ, the customs of the Catholic Church, and the annals of classical antiquity, he proved, I think conclusively, that the wearing of a beard is at once decent, virile, approved of by man, and respectful to God. Says he, "So much virtue, indeed, did the ancients ascribe to the beard that a beardless philosopher was scarcely deemed a philosopher." Christ wore a beard; so did the patron saint of Scotland, and also Thomas the Unbeliever, Peter, the Keeper of the Keys, and the reformer of early Christianity, Paul. The great esteem entertained by the ancient Romans for the *viri barbati* is adduced, and so, too, is the admiration conceived by the invading Gauls for the senators awaiting their doom robed and bearded. As a counterblast, Pierius descants upon the immorality of the beardless kings and epicenes of the East. He might have also referred to the ancient inscription to Scipio Barbatus, the reverence felt by the Jews for the beard, together with the well-known Mohammedan oath, "By the beard of the Prophet," and the portraits of Olympian Zeus, and also those of God the Father in the early illustrations to the Divine Comedy.

The Cours des Comptes in Paris is rapidly being pulled down to make room for the large new Orleans Railway Station. This building has been in ruins ever since the time of the Commune, and there are several people in Paris who sigh over the tricks Dame Fortune played them at that time. When Paris fell into the hands of the Communists, many people, before leaving the city, determined to put their valuables into some safe place. The Marquis de Belbeuf deposited in the Cours des Comptes his priceless gold plate, M. Taigny brought thither his wonderful collections, and Baron Zulhermy his library of works on the Middle Ages, which he had been collecting upwards of forty years and which was absolutely unique. Many other people stowed away belongings there at the same time. The Cours des Comptes was burnt to the ground, and not a trace of any of these valuables was ever found, whereas not one of the houses of their owners was either injured or pillaged. If they had only been content to leave their treasures at home, nothing would have been lost. As Voltaire says, "It is his Majesty King Chance who decides all!"

A dear old lady was caught red-handed the other day in one of the big Magasins de Nouveautés in Paris cramming all sorts of objects into her very capacious pockets. When she was conducted before the magistrate, her self-possession did not desert her, and she took a very high tone. "You see in me," she remarked, "an extremely strange phenomenon. Although I am a firm believer in Theosophy, there are certain evil spirits who never cease persecuting me and dragging me into all sorts of uncomfortable situations. Take, for instance, these articles, which you seem to imagine I have stolen. You are labouring under a complete delusion, I can assure you; it is merely one of these perfidious spirits who has slipped all these compromising articles into my pockets." In spite of this luminous explanation, the brutal magistrate actually committed the Theosophist for trial; and her fellow-believers are still bemoaning the loss of one of their shining lights.

The matinée for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade will be given on Tuesday morning next at the Haymarket Theatre, under the patronage of the Duchess of York, the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of the London County Council, and very many lords and ladies. The

programme consists of a pantomime-play, "The Dream Flower," in which Miss Aimee Lowther, Miss Green, and Lady Clarke Jervoise will take part, and Messrs. Stephenson and Yardley's amusing play "The Passport." In this piece the Earl of Yarmouth will play Sinclair, while Captain Baden-Powell and Lord Kilmarnock are cast in the parts of Coleman and Greenwood. Miss Edith Dugdale will be Mrs. Coleman, Miss Beryl Faber is to appear as Mrs. Darcy, and the Hon. Mrs. George Hill-Trevor as Mildred. A great amount of time and trouble has gone to the arrangement of the performance, and the advance booking has already accounted for nearly all the reserved seats, so that a full house and considerable benefits to the fund are expected to result. Messrs. Harrison and Maude have lent their theatre and given all assistance.

The French postal authorities cannot precisely be congratulated on their logic. They have just issued instructions to their subordinates forbidding them (1) to read post-cards, and (2) to allow insulting or libellous post-cards to pass through the post.



MISS ISABEL JAY.

Photo by Scott, Carlisle.

Mdlle. Andhrée Laurent is a charming comedienne who, though still very young, has had a somewhat varied experience in her necessarily short career. Rather more than two years ago she created quite a sensation in Paris by her admirable acting and fascinating appearance. Her great successes were obtained at the Nouveau Théâtre, where she played l'Impératrice de Chine in "Les Dragons Verts" and



MDLLE. ANDHRÉE LAURENT.
Photo by Dorey, Ebury Street, S.W.

the title rôle in "La Nymphe." Suddenly, in the midst of her success, she was seized with an overwhelming desire to retire into the quiet life of a convent, and with that intention left the stage. Shortly afterwards, however, she again changed her plans and came to London, where she became a governess in a private family and continued to teach for rather more than twelve months. But her passion for the stage again asserted itself, and she relinquished her scholastic duties. Since then she has been reciting and giving humorous entertainments in West End drawing-rooms and at charity bazaars. Mdlle. Laurent is shortly to appear at one of the London music-halls in a new and original sketch, the music for which is being written by a well-known composer, and she is likely to repeat here her Parisian success.

Miss Myra Hamilton, Mr. Pinero's step-daughter, seems to have assimilated the literary instincts of the author of "Trelawny of the Wells," for I have noticed several stories from her pen in the magazines lately. It is only the other day that she arranged "The Pinero Birthday Book," published by Mr. Heinemann. It is a pretty little book. Some of the passages are selected to apply to certain people. Thus, May 26, when the Duchess of York was born, has the motto from "The Princess and the Butterfly": "May I wish you many happy returns of the day, Princess?" Some are less obvious. Who, for instance, had Miss Hamilton in her mind when she set opposite to-day (March 9) the passage from *The Times*, "A self-taught man must always be a proud fool"? Was Miss Hamilton born on June 17 that she puts down for that day Cayley Drummie's doctrine that "no charming young lady of nineteen ever does see a man of forty-five"? But think of the young man whose birthday is on March 27, and who reads Sir George Orreyd's remark, "It's so easy to make a gentleman look like a billiard-marker"; or his father, on Dec. 8, who reads, "I suppose middle-age is the period of inordinate egotism." Worst of all is the entry for April 17: "I've a foreboding I shall turn out badly." I should like to know Miss Hamilton's *raison d'être* for such selections. Her mother, as Miss Myra Holmes, was well known as an actress. She was a widow (Mrs. Hamilton) when Mr. Pinero married her. Miss Hamilton often goes to first-nights with her step-father.

An Italian captain in Abyssinia had a glass eye, which he put away in his purse every evening before going to bed. The natives declared that he took out one of his eyes and left it to look after his money and prevent anybody from stealing it.

During the last few days I have returned to an old haunt of mine, the Reading-Room of the British Museum. Not that it is an inspiriting place. On the contrary, the ponderousness of its accumulated profundity depresses the mere unit, working away at his little point, reconstructing the facts or ideas worked out by his predecessors in all time, and adding a brick to the pile of the past. It is this feeling, I suppose, that gives such a melancholy look to the habitués of the Reading-Room. What a human document Dr. Garnett could write about his clients, if that were permissible! Meantime, I offer you the result of my own observations—

Encircled by the ages' lore,
With books and ever books around,
I watch my comrades bend and pore,
Amid a silence most profound,
Learning the secrets of the seers
Stacked in those great bewildering tiers

Beneath the dark and dingy dome
Lies all the wisdom of the world;
And riches such as never Rome
Could picture when she proudly hurled
Her legions east and south and north,
From Carthage to the winding Forth.

Without—the boom of London life,
The lumbering 'bus, the drawing dray;
The 'change, the mart, the restless strife,
While pleasure crowds the latest play.
But here be books and books again,
The deathless pean of the pen.

Silent, amid the distant din,
The bees that crowd this mighty hive
Toil at the printed page to win
The fame for which the ages strive.
Each has his different tale to tell
Within this circled citadel.

Age, in a crumpled overcoat,
Sits cheek by jowl with sprightly youth;
The *Horæ* that the saints could quote
Lie near the sinners trounced by *Truth*.
The grave attendants calmly fetch
A Psalter or (at will) *The Sketch*. —

Here is a gown of yesteryear,
And there the latest thing in frocks;
A bonnet out of date and queer,
A hat that's new and orthodox;
Grey hairs, pale cheeks, and hands that twinge;
Bright eyes, beneath a dainty fringe.

Books, books, and books for mile on mile,
And yet the workers toil to add
Their contributions to the pile;
And yet the world does not grow mad.
For men must have new books to con—
'Twas prophesied by Solomon.



MR. PINERO'S STEP-DAUGHTER, MISS MYRA HAMILTON, WHO HAS MADE THE "PINERO BIRTHDAY BOOK."
Photo by Edwards, Hyde Park Corner.

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WHERE IS ANDRÉE'S BALLOON?

Photographs by A. Kalland.

THE BALLOON STATION AT DANSKOEN.



THE POINT THAT ANDRÉE ASCENDED FROM,

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE PERMANENT STILETTO.

BY W. C. MORROW.

I had sent in all haste for Dr. Rowell, but as yet he had not arrived, and the strain was terrible. There lay my young friend upon his bed in the hotel, and I believed that he was dying. Only the jewelled handle of the knife was visible at his breast; the blade was wholly sheathed in his body.

"Pull it out, old fellow," begged the sufferer through white, drawn lips, his gasping voice being hardly less distressing than the unearthly look in his eyes.

"No, Arnold," said I, as I held his hand and gently stroked his forehead. It may have been instinct, it may have been a certain knowledge of anatomy that bade me refuse.

"Why not? It hurts!" he gasped. It was pitiful to see him suffer, this strong, healthy, daring, reckless young fellow.

Dr. Rowell walked in—a tall, grave man, with grey hair. He went to the bed, and I pointed to the knife-handle, with its great, bold ruby in the end and its diamonds and emeralds alternating in quaint designs in the sides. The physician started. He felt Arnold's pulse and looked puzzled.

"When was this done?" he asked.

"About twenty minutes ago," I answered.

The physician started out, beckoning me to follow.

"Stop!" said Arnold. We obeyed. "Do you wish to speak of me?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the physician, hesitating.

"Speak in my presence then," said my friend; "I fear nothing." It was said in his old, imperious way, although his suffering must have been great.

"If you insist——"

"I do."

"Then," said the physician, "if you have any matters to adjust they should be attended to at once: I can do nothing for you."

"How long can I live?" asked Arnold.

The physician thoughtfully stroked his grey beard. "It depends," he finally said; "if the knife be withdrawn you may live three minutes, if it be allowed to remain you may possibly live an hour or two—not longer.

Arnold never flinched.

"Thank you," he said, smiling faintly through his pain; "my friend here will pay you. I have some things to do. Let the knife remain." He turned his eyes to mine, and, pressing my hand, said affectionately, "And I thank you, too, old fellow, for not pulling it out."

The physician, moved by a sense of delicacy, left the room, saying, "Ring if there is a change. I will be in the hotel office." He had not gone far when he turned and came back. "Pardon me," said he, "but there is a young surgeon in the hotel who is said to be a very skilful man. My speciality is not surgery, but medicine. May I call him?"

"Yes," said I eagerly; but Arnold smiled and shook his head. "I fear there will not be time," he said. But I refused to heed him, and directed that the surgeon be called immediately. I was writing at Arnold's dictation when the two men entered the room.

There was something of nerve and assurance in the young surgeon that struck my attention. His manner, though quiet, was bold and straightforward, and his movements sure and quick. This young man had already distinguished himself in the performance of some difficult hospital laparotomies, and he was at that sanguine age when ambition looks through the spectacles of experiment. Dr. Raoul Entrefort was the new-comer's name. He was a Creole, small and dark, and he had travelled and studied in Europe.

"Speak freely," gasped Arnold, after Dr. Entrefort had made an examination.

"What think you, Doctor?" asked Entrefort of the older man.

"I think," was the reply, "that the knife-blade has penetrated the ascending aorta, about two inches above the heart. So long as the blade remains in the wound, the escape of blood is comparatively small, though certain; were the blade withdrawn, the heart would almost instantly empty itself through the aortal wound."

Meanwhile, Entrefort was deftly cutting away the white shirt and the under-shirt, and soon had the breast exposed. He examined the gem-studded hilt with the keenest interest.

"You are proceeding on the assumption, Doctor," he said, "that this weapon is a knife?"

"Certainly," answered Dr. Rowell, smiling; "what else can it be?"

"It is a knife," faintly interposed Arnold.

"Did you see the blade?" Entrefort asked him quickly.

"I did—for a moment."

Entrefort shot a quick look at Dr. Rowell and whispered, "Then it is not suicide?"

Dr. Rowell looked puzzled and said nothing.

"I must disagree with you, gentlemen," quietly remarked Entrefort; "this is not a knife." He examined the handle very narrowly. Not only was the blade entirely concealed from view within Arnold's body, but the blow had been so strongly delivered that the skin was depressed

by the guard. "The fact that it is not a knife presents a very curious series of facts and contingencies," pursued Entrefort, with amazing coolness, "some of which are, so far as I am informed, entirely novel in the history of surgery."

A quizzical expression, faintly amused and manifestly interested, was upon Dr. Rowell's face. "What is the weapon, Doctor?" he asked.

"A stiletto."

Arnold started. Dr. Rowell appeared confused. "I must confess," he said, "my ignorance of the differences among these penetrating weapons, whether dirks, daggers, stilettos, poniards, or bowie-knives."

"With the exception of the stiletto," explained Entrefort, "all the weapons you mention have one or two edges, so that in penetrating they cut their way. A stiletto is round, is ordinarily about half an inch or less in diameter at the guard, and tapers to a sharp point. It penetrates solely by pushing the tissues aside in all directions. You will understand the importance of that point."

Dr. Rowell nodded, more deeply interested than ever.

"How do you know it is a stiletto, Dr. Entrefort?" I asked.

"The cutting of these stones is the work of Italian lapidaries," he said, "and they were set in Genoa. Notice, too, the guard. It is much broader and shorter than the guard of an edged weapon; in fact, it is nearly round. This weapon is about four hundred years old, and would be cheap at twenty thousand florins. Observe, also, the darkening colour of your friend's breast in the immediate vicinity of the guard; this indicates that the tissues have been bruised by the crowding of the 'blade,' if I may use the term."

"What has all this to do with me?" asked the dying man.

"Perhaps a great deal, perhaps nothing. It brings a single ray of hope into your desperate condition."

Arnold's eyes sparkled, and he caught his breath. A tremor passed all through him, and I felt it in the hand I was holding. Life was sweet to him, then, after all—sweet to this wild dare-devil who had just faced death with such calmness! Dr. Rowell, though showing no sign of jealousy, could not conceal a look of incredulity.

"With your permission," said Entrefort, addressing Arnold, "I will do what I can to save your life."

"You may," said the poor boy.

"But I shall have to hurt you."

"Well?"

"Perhaps very much."

"Well?"

"And even if I succeed (the chance is one in a thousand), you will never be a sound man, and a constant and terrible danger will always be present."

"Well?"

Entrefort wrote a note and sent it away in haste by a bell-boy.

"Meanwhile," he resumed, "your life is in imminent danger from shock, and the end may come in a few minutes or hours from that cause. Attend without delay to whatever matters may require settling, and Dr. Rowell," glancing at that gentleman, "will give you something to brace you up. I speak frankly, for I see that you are a man of extraordinary nerve. Am I right?"

"Be perfectly candid," said Arnold.

Dr. Rowell, evidently bewildered by his cyclonic young associate, wrote a prescription, which I sent by a boy to be filled. With unwise zeal I asked Entrefort—

"Is there not danger of lockjaw?"

"No," he replied; "there is not a sufficiently extensive injury to peripheral nerves to induce traumatic tetanus."

I subsided. Dr. Rowell's medicine came and I administered a dose. The physician and the surgeon then retired. The poor sufferer straightened up his business. When it was done he asked me—

"What is that crazy Frenchman going to do to me?"

"I have no idea; be patient."

In less than an hour they returned, bringing with them a keen-eyed, tall young man, who had a number of tools wrapped in an apron. Evidently he was unused to such scenes, for he became deathly pale upon seeing the ghastly spectacle on the bed. With staring eyes and open mouth he began to retreat towards the door, stammering—

"I—I can't do it."

"Nonsense, Hippolyte! Don't be a baby! Why, man, it is a case of life and death!"

"But—look at his eyes! he is dying!"

Arnold smiled. "I am not dead, though," he gasped.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Hippolyte.

Dr. Entrefort gave the nervous man a drink of brandy, and then said, "No more nonsense, my boy; it must be done. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce Mr. Hippolyte, one of the most original, ingenious, and skilful machinists in the country."

Hippolyte, being modest, blushed as he bowed. In order to conceal his confusion, he unrolled his apron on the table with considerable noise of rattling tools.

"I have to make some preparations before you may begin, Hippolyte, and I want you to observe me, that you may become used not only to the sight of fresh blood, but also to what is more trying, the odour of it."

Hippolyte shivered. Entrefort opened a case of surgical instruments.



MISS MAIDIE HOPE IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"Now, doctor, the chloroform," he said to Dr. Rowell.

"I will not take it," promptly interposed the sufferer; "I want to know when I die."

"Very well," said Entrefort; "but you have little nerve now to spare. We may try it without chloroform, however. It will be better if you can do without. Try your best to lie still while I cut."

"What are you going to do?" asked Arnold.

"Save your life, if possible."

"How? Tell me all about it."

"Must you know?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then. The point of the stiletto has passed entirely through the aorta, which is the great vessel rising out of the heart, and carrying the aerated blood to the arteries. If I should withdraw the weapon, the blood would rush from the two holes in the aorta, and you would soon be dead. If the weapon had been a knife, the parted tissue would have yielded, and the blood would have been forced out on either side of the blade, and would have caused death. As it is, not a drop of blood has escaped from the aorta into the thoracic cavity. All that is left for us to do, then, is to allow the stiletto to remain permanently in the aorta. Many difficulties at once present themselves, and I do not wonder at Dr. Rowell's look of surprise and incredulity."

That gentleman smiled and shook his head.

"It is a desperate chance," continued Entrefort, "and is a novel case in surgery; but it is the only chance. The fact that the weapon is a stiletto is the important point—a stupid weapon, but a blessing to us now. If the assassin had known more, she would have used—"

Upon his employment of the noun "assassin" and the feminine pronoun "she," both Arnold and I started violently, and I cried out to the man to stop.

"Let him proceed," said Arnold, who, by a remarkable effort, had calmed himself.

"Not if the subject is painful," Entrefort said.

"It is not," protested Arnold. "Why do you think the blow was struck by a woman?"

"Because, first, no man capable of being an assassin would use so gaudy and valuable a weapon; second, no man would be so stupid as to carry so antiquated and inadequate a thing as a stiletto, when that most murderous and satisfactory of all penetrating and cutting weapons, the bowie-knife, is available. She was a strong woman, too, for it requires a good hand to drive a stiletto to the guard, even though it miss the sternum by a hair's breadth and slip between the ribs, for the muscles here are hard and the intercostal spaces narrow. She was not only a strong woman, but a desperate one also."

"That will do," said Arnold. He beckoned me to bend closer. "You must watch this man; he is too sharp; he is dangerous."

"Then," resumed Entrefort, "I shall tell you what I intend to do. There will undoubtedly be inflammation of the aorta, which, if it persist, will cause a fatal aneurism by a breaking down of the aortal walls; but we hope, with the help of your youth and health, to check it.

"Another serious difficulty is this: With every inhalation, the entire thorax (or bony structure of the chest) considerably expands. The aorta remains stationary. You will see, therefore, that, as your aorta and your breast are now held in rigid relation to each other by the stiletto, the chest, with every inhalation, pulls the aorta forward out of place about half an inch. I am certain that it is doing this, because there is no indication of an escape of arterial blood into the thoracic cavity; in other words, the mouths of the two aortal wounds have seized upon the blade with a firm hold and thus prevent it from slipping in and out. This is a very fortunate occurrence, but one which will cause pain for some time. The aorta, you may understand, being made by the stiletto to move with the breathing, pulls the heart backward and forward with every breath you take; but that organ, though now undoubtedly much surprised, will accustom itself to its new condition.

"What I fear most, however, is the formation of a clot around the blade. You see, the presence of the blade in the aorta has already reduced the blood-carrying capacity of that vessel; a clot, therefore, need not be very large to stop up the aorta, and, of course, if that should occur death would ensue. But the clot, if one form, may be dislodged and driven forward, in which event it may lodge in any one of the numerous branches from the aorta and produce results more or less serious, possibly fatal. If, for instance, it should choke either the right or the left carotid, there would ensue atrophy of one side of the brain, and consequently paralysis of half the entire body; but it is possible that in time there would come about a secondary circulation from the other side of the brain, and thus restore a healthy condition. Or the clot (which, in passing always from larger arteries to smaller, must unavoidably find one not sufficiently large to carry it, and must lodge somewhere) may either necessitate amputation of one of the four limbs or lodge itself so deep within the body that it cannot be reached with the knife. You are beginning to realise some of the dangers which await you?"

Arnold smiled faintly.

"But we shall do our best to prevent the formation of a clot," continued Entrefort; "there are drugs which may be used with effect."

"Are there more dangers?"

"Many more; some of the more serious have not been mentioned. One of these is the probability of the aortal tissues pressing upon the weapon relaxing their hold and allowing the blade to slip. That would let out the blood and cause death. I am uncertain whether the hold is now maintained by the pressure of the tissues or the adhesive quality of

the serum which was set free by the puncture. I am convinced, though, that in either event the hold is easily broken, and that it may give way at any moment, for it is under several kinds of strains. Every time the heart contracts and crowds the blood into the aorta, the latter expands a little, and then contracts when the pressure is removed. Any unusual exercise or excitement produces stronger and quicker heart-beats, and increases the strain on the adhesion of the aorta to the weapon. A fright, fall, a jump, a blow on the chest—any of these might so jar the heart and aorta as to break the hold."

Entrefort stopped.

"Is that all?" asked Arnold.

"No; but is not that enough?"

"More than enough," said Arnold, with a sudden and dangerous sparkle in his eyes. Before any of us could think, the desperate fellow had seized the handle of the stiletto with both hands in a determined effort to withdraw it and die. I had had no time to order my faculties to the movement of a muscle, when Entrefort, with incredible alertness and swiftness, had Arnold's wrists. Slowly Arnold relaxed his hold.

"There, now!" said Entrefort soothingly; "that was a careless act and might have broken the adhesion. You'll have to be careful."

Arnold looked at him with a curious combination of expressions.

"Dr. Entrefort," he quietly remarked, "you are the devil."

Bowing profoundly, Entrefort replied, "You do me too great honour"; then he whispered to his patient, "If you do *that*"—with a motion towards the hilt—"I will have *her* hanged for murder."

Arnold started and choked, and a look of horror overspread his face. He withdrew his hands, took one of mine in both of his, threw his arms upon the pillow above his head, and, holding my hand, firmly said to Entrefort—

"Proceed with your work."

"Come closer, Hippolyte," said Entrefort, "and observe narrowly. Will you kindly assist me, Dr. Rowell?" That gentleman had sat in wondering silence.

Entrefort's hand was quick and sure, and he used the knife with marvellous dexterity. First he made four equidistant incisions outward from the guard and just through the skin. Arnold held his breath and ground his teeth at the first cut, but soon regained command of himself. Each incision was about two inches long. Hippolyte shuddered and turned his head aside. Entrefort, whom nothing escaped, exclaimed—

"Steady, Hippolyte! Observe!"

Quickly was the skin peeled back to the limit of the incisions. This must have been exquisitely painful. Arnold groaned, and his hands were moist and cold. Down sank the knife into the flesh from which the skin had been raised, and blood flowed freely; Dr. Rowell handled the sponge. The keen knife worked rapidly. Arnold's marvellous nerve was breaking down. He clutched my hand fiercely; his eyes danced; his mind was weakening. Almost in a moment the flesh had been cut away to the bones, which were now exposed—two ribs and the sternum. A few quick cuts cleared the weapon between the guard and the ribs.

"To work, Hippolyte—be quick!"

The machinist had evidently been coached before he came. With slender, long-fingered hands, which trembled at first, he selected certain tools with nice precision, made some rapid measurements of the weapon and of the cleared space around it, and began to adjust the parts of a queer little machine. Arnold watched him curiously.

"What—" he began to say; but he ceased; a deeper pallor set on his face, his hands relaxed, and his eyelids fell.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Entrefort; "he has fainted—he can't stop us now. Quick, Hippolyte!"

The machinist attached the queer little machine to the handle of the weapon, seized the stiletto in his left hand, and with his right began a series of sharp, rapid movements backward and forward.

"Hurry, Hippolyte!" urged Entrefort.

"The metal is very hard."

"Is it cutting?"

"I can't see for the blood."

In another moment something snapped. Hippolyte started; he was very nervous. He removed the little machine.

"The metal is very hard," he said; "it breaks the saws."

He adjusted another tiny saw and resumed work. After a little while he picked up the handle of the stiletto and laid it on the table. He had cut it off, leaving the blade inside Arnold's body.

"Good, Hippolyte!" exclaimed Entrefort. In a minute he had closed the bright end of the blade from view by drawing together the skin-flaps and sewing them firmly.

Arnold returned to consciousness and glanced down at his breast. He seemed puzzled. "Where is the weapon?" he asked.

"Here is part of it," answered Entrefort, holding up the handle.

"And the blade—?"

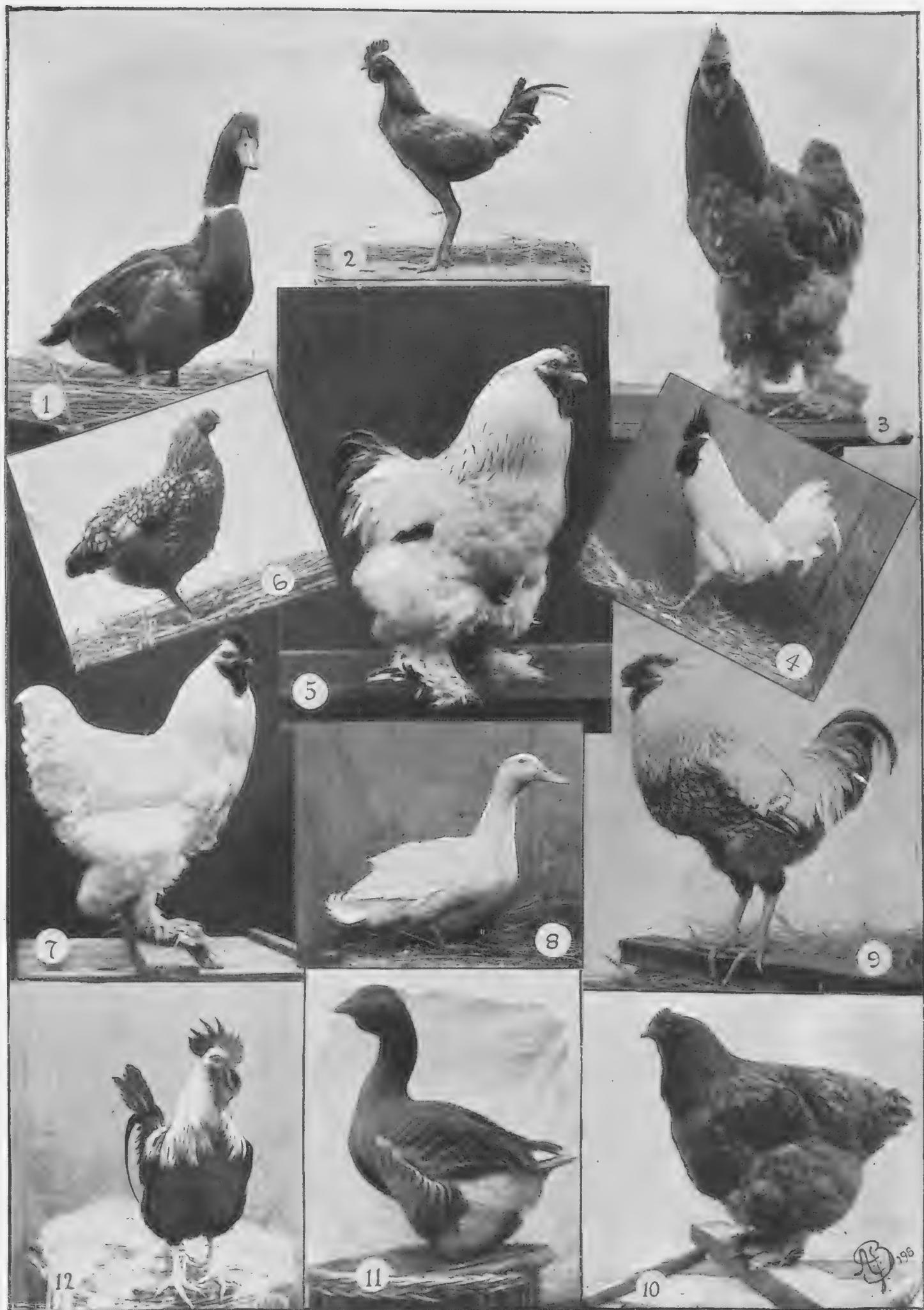
"That is an irremovable part of your internal machinery." Arnold was silent. "It had to be cut off," pursued Entrefort, "not only because it would be troublesome and an undesirable ornament, but also because it was advisable to remove every possibility of its withdrawal." Arnold said nothing. "Here is a prescription," said Entrefort; "take the medicine as directed for the next five years without fail."

"What for? I see that it contains muriatic acid."

"If necessary, I will explain five years from now."

"If I live."

"If you live."



(1) ROUEN DRAKE. (2) BROWN-RED GAME COCKEREL. (3) BUFF COCHIN COCK. (4) WHITE LEGHORN COCK. (5) LIGHT BRAHMA COCK.
 (6) SILVER WYANDOTTE HEN. (7) WHITE COCHIN COCK. (8) AYLESBURY DRAKE. (9) SILVER WYANDOTTE COCK. (10) BUFF COCHIN HEN.
 (11) TOULOUSE GANDER. (12) DARK DORKING COCK.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DO!

Arnold drew me down to him and whispered, "Tell her to fly at once; this man may make trouble for her." Was there ever a more generous fellow?

I thought that I recognised a thin, pale, bright face among the passengers who were leaving an Australian steamer which had just arrived at San Francisco.

"Dr. Entrefort!" I cried.

"Ah!" he said, peering up into my face, and grasping my hand; "I know you now, but you have changed. You remember that I was called away immediately after I had performed that crazy operation on your friend. I have spent the intervening four years in India, China, Thibet, Siberia, the South Seas, and God knows where not. But wasn't that a most absurd, hare-brained experiment that I tried on your friend! Still, it was all that could have been done. I have dropped all that nonsense long ago. It is better, for more reasons than one, to let them die at once. Poor fellow! he bore it so bravely! Did he suffer much afterwards? How long did he live? A week—perhaps a month?"

"He is alive yet."

"What!" exclaimed Entrefort, startled.

"He is indeed, and is in this city."

"Incredible!"

"It is true; you shall see him."

"But tell me about him now!" cried the surgeon, his eager eyes glittering with the peculiar light which I had seen in them on the night of the operation. "Has he taken the medicine which I prescribed?"

"He has. Well, the change in him from what he was before the operation is shocking. Imagine a young dare-devil of twenty-two, who had no greater fear of danger or death than of a cold, now a cringing, cowering fellow, apparently an old man, nursing his life with pitiful tenderness, fearful that at any moment something may happen to break the hold of his aorta-walls on the stiletto-blade; a confirmed hypochondriac, peevish, melancholic, unhappy in the extreme. He keeps himself confined as closely as possible, avoiding all excitement and exercise, and even reads nothing exciting. The constant danger has worn out the last shred of his manhood and left him a pitiful wreck. Can nothing be done for him?"

"Possibly. But has he consulted no physician?"

"None whatever; he has been afraid that he might learn the worst."

"Let us find him at once. Ah, here comes my wife to meet me! She arrived by the other steamer."

I recognised her immediately and was overcome with astonishment.

"Charming woman," said Entrefort; "you'll like her. We were married three years ago, at Bombay. She belongs to a noble Italian family and has travelled a great deal."

He introduced us. To my unspeakable relief she remembered neither my name nor my face. I must have appeared odd to her, but it was impossible for me to be perfectly unconcerned. We went to Arnold's rooms, I with much dread. I left her in the reception-room and took Entrefort within. Arnold was too greatly absorbed in his own troubles to be dangerously excited by meeting Entrefort, whom he greeted with indifferent hospitality.

"But I heard a woman's voice," he said. "It sounds—" He checked himself, and before I could intercept him he had gone to the reception-room; and there he stood face to face with the beautiful adventuress—none other than Entrefort's wife now—who, wickedly desperate, had driven a stiletto into Arnold's vitals in a hotel four years before because he had refused to marry her. They recognised each other instantly, and both grew pale; but she, quicker-witted, recovered her composure at once, and advanced towards him with a smile and an extended hand. He stepped back, his face ghastly with fear.

"Oh!" he gasped; "the excitement, the shock—it has made the blade slip out! The blood is pouring from the opening—it burns—I am dying!" and he fell into my arms and instantly expired.

The autopsy revealed the surprising fact that there was no blade in his thorax at all; it had been gradually consumed by the muriatic acid which Entrefort had prescribed for that very purpose, and the perforations in the aorta had closed up gradually with the wasting of the blade and had been perfectly healed for a long time. All his vital organs were sound. My poor friend, once so reckless and brave, had died simply of a childish and groundless fear, and the woman unwittingly had accomplished her revenge.

THE SURGEON AT THE "ZOO."

Surgical operations on wild beasts are not very often performed; apart from the difficulties and dangers of securing the patient for the actual operation, it is almost impossible to keep dressings and bandages in place afterwards; hence "an ounce of lead" is the medicine usually prescribed for the unfortunate resident in a menagerie which happens to meet with an accident. Such an operation as that performed a week or two ago on Begum, one of the Indian rhinoceroses in the "Zoo," was simple enough in itself: the anterior horn, which had grown in a sharp curve back against its fellow, had to be sawn through; there was no after-treatment. Nevertheless, the proceedings in the Elephant House on the morning of Feb. 24 were distinctly animated. Mr. Bartlett and the head-keeper, with eighteen or twenty men, first set to work to "east" the patient; this was done by fastening ropes to the fore and hind legs on one side, and pulling these so that the beast fell on her side on a deep bed of straw prepared for her. This is a simple business

with horse or cow, but two tons or more of rhinoceros unaccustomed to handling is another matter altogether, and there was a lively scrimmage before Begum was mastered and secured. When fairly east and drawn up to the bars of the stall, there was more trouble; the rhinoceros wriggled like a little boy in the dentist's chair, and broke two saws by throwing her head about while the horn was only partially severed; but, after half-an-hour's patient work, the job was completed.

This was a more successful operation than one undertaken by the officials of the Adelaide "Zoo" on a tapir. The beast, a new arrival, was found to be unwell, and the veterinary surgeons determined to "give a dose." Instead of throwing the patient, a much smaller animal than the rhinoceros and very timid and inoffensive, they got eight strong keepers, who tried to corner the tapir against the wall of the enclosure with a plank. The beast, normally mildest of mood, resented the squeezing to which it was subjected, and sent the posse of keepers flying with their plank on top of them; more than this, it actually attacked one of the prostrate men, ripped his clothes off his back, and bit his arm and body severely before his companions could drive it off. The veterinary surgeons sent for reinforcements and succeeded in administering two doses of morphia. They gave the patient more than enough to kill a pig, with the only effect that it grew so frantic with rage and terror as to be uncontrollable. It took two hours and forty minutes to physic that tapir, with what ultimate result history is silent.

A very interesting operation was that of setting the broken leg of a lion; this was performed in New York in the winter of 1893 by Dr. Busener, the chief surgeon to the New York Veterinary College. The patient was one of a "den of lions" belonging to a circus, and was an ill-tempered brute always quarrelling with his companions. He got his thigh badly hurt in course of one fight, and the breakage was the result of another fight a few days later. As the proprietrix of the circus deemed it hopeless to save Nero, he was sentenced to be shot, but fortunately Dr. Busener heard of the accident and undertook to try and effect a cure. Nero was taken in a small cage to the operating-room of the college, and was invited to walk out on to the operating-table, while his keeper stood by with a noose to slip over his head. The lion declined to fall in with this arrangement; he came out of his cage without demur, but, evading the noose, jumped down on the floor. The twenty-five newspaper-men and students who formed the audience hastily retreated through the panels of the door (which had been locked to prevent interruption); but Dr. Busener, his assistant, and the keeper managed to hunt Nero back into his cage. They took the precaution of noosing him through the bars this time, and then, amid a tempest of roaring and struggling, hauled him out upon the operating-table, on which they fastened him down with ropes and chains. It had been intended to dispense with the use of anaesthetics (I believe chloroform is so fatal to the great cats that it is never employed), but the lightest touch on Nero's broken limb caused him to struggle so violently that it was necessary to have recourse to morphine; four grains were injected hypodermically, with immediate effect, and for over an hour the rebellious patient lay practically unconscious while the operation was performed. The injury proved to be an incomplete fracture of the thigh-bone. After clipping away the hair, the doctors set to work to handle the limb, in order to set the bone. Half-an-hour of this treatment wrought the desired result, and then the bandaging was put on: first, a thick layer of cotton batting, then strong linen binders drawn firmly round the leg and sewn in place, then a heavy coating of glue, which stiffened rapidly into an efficacious splint, and over the glue was smeared an evil-smelling mixture to prevent the lion tearing off the dressings with his teeth. The effect of the morphine began to wear off as the doctors finished this troublesome and lengthy operation; the patient was in a shocking temper. The operators fastened a rope round the whole hind-leg, passed it through the open door of the cage and the bars on the opposite side, and, while Nero's fore-quarters and head still remained secured to the table, they brought up the cage and lifted his hinder parts into it; then, as the chains were loosed, the patient was hauled smartly into his cage by the hind-leg.

It sometimes becomes necessary to clip the claws of the larger felidae, which from disuse in confinement are apt to grow so long that they wound the owner's toes. A large tiger in the Trevandrum Public Gardens was treated for this misfortune in February 1895 by a method at once simple and ingenious. The keepers induced the beast to enter the "transport cage," a stoutly built structure, six feet long, three feet six inches wide, and four feet high, which had previously been fitted with a false ceiling padded with sacking and straw. Six iron bars were passed over the false ceiling, which was held up by men standing on top of the cage; and when the patient was safely shut in, the false ceiling was drawn down by the bars. By this means the tiger was held in perfect security, while his paws were noosed in turn and lashed to a stout horizontal bar fixed outside; ordinary rose-clippers did the rest.

When a comparatively young man, Sir W. White Cooper created a small sensation by operating for cataract on a young grizzly bear in the "Zoo." He did this twice, and each time successfully. A more sensational achievement was that of a Stuttgart oculist early in 1896. A tiger in the gardens of that city suffered much pain from an incurable disease of one eye, which, it was feared, would affect the other; it was therefore determined to remove it. The patient having been bound and muzzled, cocaine was applied to the eye and the optic successfully removed, to the obvious relief of the poor beast. As soon as the cavity healed they secured him again and furnished him with a glass eye; it improved his appearance, but he could not make it out at all, and for weeks used to sit trying to rub it out, shaking his head and sneezing.—c.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The art of animal-painting has always been popular, and is certainly being practised with great skill and greater accuracy than ever. Take this picture of a cat by the veteran Madame Ronner, which is being



"WAITING FOR ORDERS."

BONTAIL SHEEPDOG, CHAMPION BOBS BAHDUR.
Painted by Miss Maud Earl. The Property of Mrs. Jocelyn Otway.

exhibited at the Royal Institute. It is as full of life as her previous charming work has led us to expect from Madame Ronner.

One of the best delineators of the cat is Mrs. W. Chance, who has just published through Messrs. Dent a very beautiful portfolio called "A Book of Cats," being a discourse on cats, with many quotations and pencil-drawings. It would be difficult to depict the cat more delicately than Mrs. Chance has done. She indicates the fluffiness, the airiness, of pussy by the most charming pencil-work. Over and above this, the text into which the pictures are let is very readable, and the whole is beautifully printed.

Among dog-artists Miss Maud Earl takes a high place, as you may judge from the specimens of her work reproduced here. It is curious that women have excelled in this sort of art. We have had Rosa Bonheur and Lady Butler for horses, Madame Ronner and Mrs. Chance for cats, and Miss Frances Fairman and Miss Maud Earl for dogs.

People in Paris who are interested in art and the artistic welfare of the picture galleries of the city are at present wondering at the recent action of the Conseil des Musées, which has just prevented the Louvre from acquiring a remarkable example of fifteenth-century Italian art. The curators of the Louvre recently unanimously decided to purchase a



"ALL THINGS COME TO THEM THAT WAIT."

SKYE TERRIERS, CHAMPION WOLVERLEY DUCHESS AND CHAMPION WOLVERLEY JOCK.
Painted by Miss Maud Earl. The Property of Mrs. W. J. Hughes.

"Madone Adorant Jésus," which was to be seen in the shop of one of the principal picture-dealers on the left bank, or, as Charles Lamb called it, "the borough side" of the Seine. Judging from the sweetness of expression, grace of attitude, and exquisite delicacy of the model, this work (probably from the brush of Piero della Francesca, the artist a few rare examples of whose work are alone possessed by Florence and London galleries) was calculated to enrich the Louvre to a considerable extent. But the Conseil des Musées thought otherwise, and rejected the proposition of the curators. The reason for so doing is not, as may be thought, one of money. The price of the "Madone" was not excessive; indeed, compared with prices paid for other pictures in recent years, it was most reasonable. Nobody appears to know what the reason for the council's action was, and Paris artists are saying that this body has overstepped its authority. The council was not constituted to act as an artistic Court of Cassation, but to control the finances. This is not the first time that the council's action has caused astonishment. A few weeks ago it refused a whole collection of early French and Flemish works which were offered to the Louvre free of cost, and which the curators unanimously agreed to accept. It is not improbable that there will be trouble over these mistakes on the part of a body which, astonishing as it may seem to say so, contains several high authorities in matters of art.

The beginning of the present year has been marked in Holland by several artistic discoveries, one of which is of the greatest importance. A connoisseur first of all discovered in a house in Amsterdam a small picture, no bigger than a miniature, which, he says, is a Franz Hals. It has been purchased by the State, and will be sent to the Royal Picture Gallery at La Hague. Another discovery not without



POLLY.—MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER.
Exhibited at the Royal Institute.

interest is that of a work of the seventeenth century, found by the employés of the University Library of Amsterdam, which has been recognised to be a portrait of the famous Baltazar Gerards, who murdered Taciturne.

An important picture by Van Dyck has been discovered at Trieste. It is the portrait of the young Princess of Gonzaga, of the ducal house of Mantua. Its authenticity is uncontested, and it is in an excellent state of preservation. This picture was stolen by German soldiers from Mantua in 1628, and since then it has been hidden away and forgotten.

A French sculptor has just completed an interesting high-relief, the subject of which is the glorification of the Fatherland, of law, and of honour. It was commissioned a few months ago by the Montpellier Municipality, and it will be placed over the entrance to a new barracks in that University town.

At one time it was gloomily surmised that, in consequence of the arduous duties of his dual office and the labours which in many forms have devolved upon him as President of the Royal Academy, Sir E. J. Poynter would be unable to be represented at Burlington House this year; but, happily, this disappointment has been averted. His picture, "The Message," shows two girls standing on a balcony overlooking a quay, one holding a letter. A young mariner putting out to sea affords them the desired opportunity of sending "The Message." A vista of exquisitely painted black marble columns leads up to a temple in the background. Messrs. Landeker, Lee, and Brown have just published a beautiful photo-engraving of the picture.



MDLLE. MARGUERITE CORNILLE, AT THE TIVOLI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A TRUE ENGLISHMAN.*

It is now about thirteen years since Sir John Glover passed away, while a quarter of a century has elapsed since he did his best and most memorable work in Ashantiland; but this biography, belated by a curious series of accidents and obstacles, comes to us at a particularly opportune time. "I feel," says Lady Glover, "that its appearance at this moment may be the more useful as it synchronises with the re-emergence of the West African question into the sphere of practical politics." This may very well be, but the appearance of such a book as this is always opportune, seeing that bravery and devotion to duty are never out of date. For, in the eloquent and touching words of Sir Richard Temple, who contributes an able introduction to the volume—

Glover was a type of the men who have built up what is now known as the Empire of the British Sovereign. They have always been found when wanted; they have never failed when brought into action. Their conduct, too, has been exhibited in infinitely various forms and in all sorts or conditions of climate or circumstance. So long, and so long only, as she can rear and call out such sons, will Britannia rule the seas, the shores, the isles, the continents. Therefore is she bound to note the deeds they have done for her sake, to honour them in life, and after death to keep alive their memory as an ensample to those who shall succeed them.

Glover, the son of a Hampshire parson, descended from a very ancient and illustrious stock, was certainly a true Englishman if ever there was one, a born administrator and leader of men, as Mr. H. M. Stanley was quick to perceive, when, as a newspaper correspondent, he found him in command of his Haussa levies in Ashantiland. After discovering Livingstone, Stanley started off to find Glover. "I am glad," he wrote, "I undertook to discover Glover's whereabouts. It has been a pleasure to me to have seen this great man in camp, where a great man may best be seen. I shall ever think of the kindly face, the massive features, with the genius of commanding men lighting up every lineament, and the sturdy form so full of energy, as an event." In all his dealings with the various races of men with whom he was at one time or another called upon to deal—Greeks, Turks, Creoles, Burmese, West African natives—Glover's commanding and persuasive personality, made up of eye, countenance, voice, diction, manner, stature, was ever a potent factor on the British side, and the record of his achievements is one which may well move the pride and admiration of all his countrymen.

Bred to the sea, it was only by a kind of happy misfortune, so to speak, that he took to land-service and soldiering in the savage regions of the earth. But once when at sea he missed—or his captain did so for him—one of the greatest chances of his life. It was the period of the Crimean War, and his ship, the *Rosamond*, was cruising in the Gulf of Finland. One day a smart-looking Russian vessel was observed proceeding leisurely close in shore. Lieut. Glover said "they might cut her off and capture her," but the captain, for various reasons, thought it would not be prudent to attempt it. "You don't know," persisted the daring Glover; "you might be losing the chance of a lifetime by neglecting it." But the Fabius Cunctator of a captain hesitated and hung back. They watched the strange vessel, which presently passed out of gunshot distance, when the Russian standard was run up and a royal salute was fired. It turned out that the Emperor of all the Russias was on board! Had the captain of the *Rosamond* only acted on Glover's suggestion, the Emperor might have been captured and the Crimean War brought to a close in the most surprising manner.

The doctor on board the *Rosamond* was a very irascible man who quarrelled with everyone, and one day Glover threatened to pull his nose for speaking disrespectfully of the Queen. For using such language, which might have led to a breach of the Regulations, Glover was placed under arrest; but presently he was called up on deck as the only man capable of getting off the ship, which had run aground. The court-martial acquitted him, but, nevertheless, his promotion was stopped—a lucky result, which had the ultimate effect of sending him to Africa to begin his great career as surveyor of the Niger and the pioneer of those influences and actions which added so immensely to the territories of the British Crown. In those barbarous regions he was as the harbinger of the dayspring from on high, and, curiously enough, *Dayspring* was the name of the vessel in which he made his appearance in the Niger.

It was in the course of a solitary march of more than two hundred miles in these savage parts that he fell in with the Haussas, who, under his training, gradually came to do for us in Africa what the Goorkhas have done in India. Being appointed Governor of Lagos (in 1861), he



LADY GLOVER.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

left the Navy altogether and passed into the service of the Colonial Office, of which he continued to be the devoted and self-sacrificing servant down to his death in 1885, "his powerful constitution having been prematurely broken down by fatigue, exposure, and climatic suffering undergone in the Imperial service of Britain."

But in the interval between his life at Lagos and his death in London he had twice also acted as Governor of Newfoundland and once as Governor of the Leeward Islands. His lot at Lagos was well described by a visitor, Sir Richard Burton—a man with whose character Glover had much in common—who referred to his corrugated metal mansion as "an iron coffin with generally a dead consul inside." Of his administration at Lagos Glover might well have said: "Heri solitudo; hodie civitas"; and with the natives "Golobar"—his name translated into African—had become as a talisman and a tower of strength. The crowning achievement of his career was the prominent part he took, as co-operator with Sir Garnet Wolseley, in command of the native levies in the Ashanti War of 1873.

It is improbable (wrote Sir Evelyn Wood) that the present generation will see on the Gold Coast any equal to Sir John Glover, whether we consider his determined courage, his abilities, his long experience of and immense influence over the natives, or the iron constitution which, with an indomitable will, has enabled him to withstand the evil influences of a detestable climate.

But the difficulties which had been encountered and surmounted by Sir John among the swamps and forests of Ashanti were nothing to those which awaited him among the verdant meadows of Ireland, whither he went in due time to woo the woman of his choice; and it was more than sad to see how the man who had won new countries over to civilisation could not for a long time win over to his side the heart, or at any rate, the hand, of the lady of his love. How a frightful railway accident, which very nearly killed him, at last came to his aid, and how other influences—including even the personal intervention of the Queen—finally helped him to achieve the object of his heart, are not all these things (of which I will not further blunt the edge of popular interest) set down by his widow, Lady Glover, with much feminine delicacy in the charming volume which she has now published as a worthy monument to his good and gallant memory?

CHARLES LOWE.

THE MAKING OF GODS.*

The making of gods, in human or animal form, went on without pause ages before the caustic pen of the prophet described the man felling a tree, warming his hands with some of the burning timber, and carving a deity out of the rest. None can say when India began to fill her pantheon with the three hundred and odd millions of godlings, to whose number additions are still being made; and below the historic horizon lie the beginnings of the long procession of the minor deities of Rome that jostled one another so closely in the Imperial City as to cause the satirist's complaint that they left barely standing-room for men! With the dawn of thought arose plying into causes, and the feigning of the existence of beings who dispensed, as their humour prompted, good or evil to mankind. But while the motives which led to the filling of earth, sea, and sky with "gods many and lords many" are clear enough, there are wide differences of opinion as to the primary stuff out of which the conceptions of the vast spiritual hierarchy are woven. It is with this old and complex problem that Mr. Allen grapples. His purpose is "to trace the genesis of the belief in a God from its earliest origin in the mind of primitive man up to its fullest development in advanced and etherealised Christian theology." And it must be said to his credit that in the long journey which he accomplishes he treads with the utmost tenderness on many theological corns.

His main contention is that "corpse-worship is the protoplasm of religion"—in other words, that there is an universal tendency to deify and worship the dead. He brings into clear focus a vast number of illustrations from all parts of the world, showing how in past and present times this promotion of ancestral spirits, notably those of kings, chiefs, and the more prominent among men generally, has gone on; promotion, too, of men while they are still in the flesh, from Roman Emperors to Japan Mikados. Promotion, also, of the humble, as in the striking example of the erection of a temple to an old Japanese farmer who set fire to his rice-stacks, comprising all his wealth, as beacon-warning on the inrush of a tidal wave, whereby hundreds of lives were saved. And while the villagers worshipped his spirit at the shrine they had built, Hamaguchi Gohei lived on in his thatched hut on the hilltop. But while Mr. Allen drives home the fact of the dominance of ancestor-worship throughout the world, I think he has failed to prove its primitiveness. Nature is bigger than man, and she makes her power for weal or woe felt in ways that cause him to transfer his tendency to personify all things to stones, and rivers, and the great earth and sky. Moreover, there is a worship of life as well as a worship of death; the mystery of the one, whether in the germination of the seed or the gestation of the infant, lends itself to deification as fully as the return of the dead in dreams and hallucinations. Neither does the distinction which Mr. Allen draws between religion and mythology seem tenable. Mythology, he contends, is speculation about the gods; religion consists in worshipping and revering them. But it is obvious that the conception entertained about gods must affect the attitude of the worshipper. The student of this great subject would have been helped by references to authorities quoted, but he has some compensation in a good index.

EDWARD CLODD.

* "Life of Sir John Hawley Glover, R.N., G.C.M.G." By Lady Glover. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart. With Portraits and Maps. London : Smith, Elder, and Co.

* "The Evolution of the Idea of God." By Grant Allen. London : Grant Richards.

DELLA ROBBIA POTTERY.

WHAT IT IS.

An English pottery with an Italian name! "Yes, you are right," says Mr. Rathbone, as he conducts me to his studio; "it is somewhat of an anachronism, but what would you? We must give the ware a distinctive name, and, in the first instance, we really went on the lines of the old 'Della Robbia' potters, and, finding suitable clay near Birkenhead, we initiated the present venture by the production of the highly coloured and glazed plaques which are in Italy so representative a feature of the pottery."

"And did you find these useful in house decoration?" the *Sketch* representative ventures to ask the ever-courteous manager of the Della Robbia Works.

"That is a question not yet answered," is the reply. "For outside decoration in a sunless country they are not so effective, but, used carefully in interiors, they are valuable. Now, however, we make so many vases and decorative articles with a flat surface, that we rely more on this side of our work in the matter of paying our way than on the low-relief panels which, when Mr. Conrad Dressler was with us, we made so much a study, though we believe we have in these a great future before us, and are engaged at the moment on a large plaque which in beauty far exceeds anything yet done in the works."

"Mr. Dressler is no longer with you, I suppose, then?"

"No; he left us to inaugurate similar works at Medmenham on the Thames, where also suitable clay is found, but we found ourselves able to stand alone, and now we cannot execute our orders quickly enough."



STREET FOUNTAIN DESIGNED BY CONRAD DRESSLER FOR THE
DELLA ROBBIA POTTERY.

To Mr. Harold Rathbone belongs all the credit of the idea of the Birkenhead potteries. He found the clay, and, backed up (only recently though) financially by a syndicate of wealthy residents on the Cheshire side, he was able to get together a very fair number of designers and modellers. That works of architectural importance can be carried out is shown by the picture of a fountain designed by Mr. Dressler, and very artistic and interesting it is. Art in the home and the making of something beautiful for the sake of its beauty, not for the profit it will bring—these are Mr. Rathbone's watchwords; and he is withal something of a public benefactor in other ways, for he employs many girls and boys among the latter one who has no hands, and arms only from the elbow; he uses the stumps to hold the stencil, and is one of Mr. Rathbone's best boy-workers. Princess Louise recently honoured the Della Robbia Works by a visit on her way to Liverpool from Eaton Hall, and graciously accepted a very fine vase as a remembrance, though she had previously made large purchases of the ware.

"I will not detain you longer, Mr. Rathbone," I said on leaving, "but I should like to know what made you first think of this pottery?"

"The fact that a certain kind of clay which would take the necessary high glaze was procurable near Birkenhead led to the location of the works on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. Now, however, we go further afield for our clay; still, we are very happy where we are, and shall not move yet. We are greatly encouraged by the good work done and the way it is appreciated all over England, and every year we hope to improve."



Mr. Rathbone.

SOME OF THE WORKERS OF THE DELLA ROBBIA POTTERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. A. COOPER, BIRMINGHAM.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.





THINGS TO AVOID IN THE FESTIVE SEASON.



THE NEW MOTOR-CAR.

INVENTIVE GENIUS : Here you are, Mum ; just hitch your pneumatic tripe-hound on in front, and I'll drive you, tandem, all the way to Klondyke.

MODERN METHUSELAHS.

Is there such a creature as a real centenarian? A learned antiquary of our own generation once wrote a book to disprove the contention that the modern man could attain those five score years that Scriptural heroes bore with the greatest grace; and yet from time to time one hears of centenarians, while the camera catches their likeness, as readers of *The Sketch* know.

Two recent cases have come to the front, with what degree of authenticated evidence one does not know. The first is an Irishman, Michael McGuiness. He lives at Kilmaeshollagn, away on the Sligo Hills, though he sometimes goes to Liverpool to see his son and his daughter-in-law. He still stands erect, can walk about, and, with the aid of his stick, can mount steps, and his hearing is remarkably keen. His speech at times requires the interpretation of his daughter-in-law, for he tends to drift away into Erse, the ancient Irish tongue. A hundred and seven now, he does not know why he should not live as long as his grandfather, who was a hundred and eleven.

Wharfedale, "the Garden of Yorkshire," also possesses a centenarian in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Watson, or, as she prefers to be called, "Bessie Watson," who lives in one of a row of four cottages known as the Leathley Almshouses. She was born at South Kirby, near Doncaster, on Sept. 1, 1795; yet, despite her great age, she is in possession of all her faculties, and proves to be as vivacious as a young girl of seventeen, and as active as most women who are forty or fifty years her junior. A short time ago she could read small print without spectacles and attend to her household duties in a very business-like manner, while in warm weather it was quite a regular thing for her to be out by three o'clock in the morning seeking mushrooms or walking through the green fields and along the country lanes enjoying the fresh and invigorating air. Although her face is wrinkled and creased so that it looks like some rich pattern of delicate lace-work, and her arms are thin and shrivelled so that they resemble nothing but skin and bone, her hair is still nearly jet-black, grey hairs being few and far between.

She recollects the great stir that was made in Leeds when the Queen, as a young girl, paid her first visit to that city. In describing the scene, she tells which carriage her Majesty was seated in, what position she occupied, what kind of dress she wore, also what flowers the wreath encircling her head was made from. Another scene of a more sensational



MICHAEL MCGUINESS.

character which is indelibly impressed upon her memory is that of seeing the last man gibbeted (for robbing the mail) on Attercliffe Moor, near Sheffield. She has had no less than fourteen children; the youngest of them now lives with her at Leathley and is affectionately spoken of by her mother as "my baby." It is worth noting, however, that the

"baby" is sixty-two years of age and has been a grandmother for many years. Although Mrs. Watson has lived to reach an extraordinary age, she has very good reason to anticipate a few more years being added to it ere she leaves the world in which she has lived so long, for she had an uncle who, though he was wounded in the Battle of Waterloo,



BESSIE WATSON IS 103, AND SHE IS STANDING BY HER BABY.

lived to be a hundred and thirteen. Her grandmother also reached the respectable total of a hundred and eight years, and she has, or rather, had, many more relations who lived to be close upon a hundred.

An interesting centenarian, who is proved to be at least a hundred and eight, and who himself lays claim to a hundred and twenty winters, is peacefully passing his closing days in Buffalo. He is a French-Canadian, from the St. Lawrence below Quebec, named Alexander Columbus, and called by his compatriots Père Colombe. The old man, whose youngest son is fifty-three, went to Buffalo fifty-six years ago. In a vague sort of way, he asserts his descent, if not from Christopher Columbus himself, at any rate from a brother of the great navigator, and it was in honour of the latter that he made a tedious pilgrimage to the World's Fair at Chicago. Père Colombe still enjoys fair health, but is troubled with deafness; he has never acquired the power of speaking "the American language" fluently, and he is unable to read. He is a devout Catholic.

AN ODE FROM HAFIZ.

The morning breaks; what ho! cup-bearer, pass
The brimming glass;
Quick, for the heavens unrelenting roll,
Fill up the bowl!
This world of nothingness shall pass away,
Sink and decay;
Let me sink deep, before that day's decline,
In rosy wine.
See in the goblet's East the dawning sun,
His course begun;
Hast thou a mind to use the morning tide,
Cast sleep aside.
An earthen bowl will heaven mould one day
Out of my clay;
Now let the living goblet of my skull
With wine be full.
No man am I of piety or cant,
Or empty rant;
Yet over the pure liquor, if you will,
Preach me your fill.
Wine-worship is the creed and mystery
For such as me;
Hafiz, arise, and in that temple do
Devotion due!

WALTER LEAF.

THE MYSTERY OF THE COCKADE.

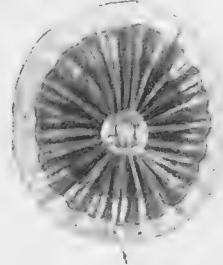
The jaunty little badge which grows every day more familiar in our streets has, of course, its own significance, but it is to be feared that the majority of those who assume it know little of and care less for any symbolism it may possess other than that of "smartness"—"smartness," so please you, in the "smart" sense. There exists a pleasantly vague

cabbies. For this democratic enormity the picturesqueness of the ornament may appear to some a sufficient excuse.

Action is, of course, very improbable, for the onus of prosecution would rest with the Crown, and the Crown has its hands full of more serious business. All the same, the cockade is a Crown distinction, and its usurpation by every parvenu, however venial, is an error, if not a misdemeanour. Our genial palliation of the assumption would, we fear, seem very heinous in the eyes of the learned author of the "Handbook of



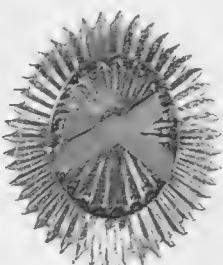
MOURNING.



DIPLOMATIC.



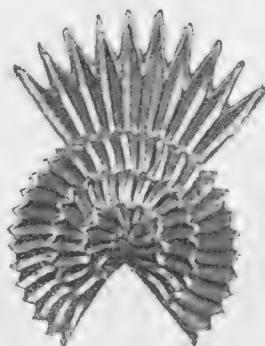
DIPLOMATIC.



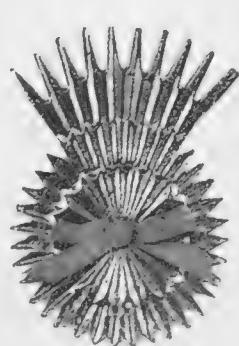
REGENT.



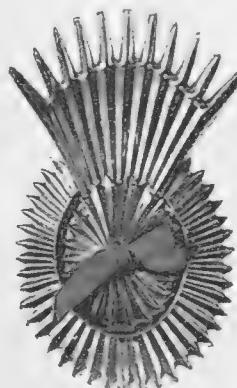
MOURNING.



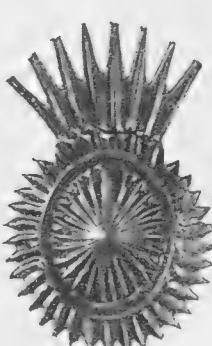
VARIATION OF TREBLE.



ORDINARY TREBLE (WORN BY THE SERVICES).



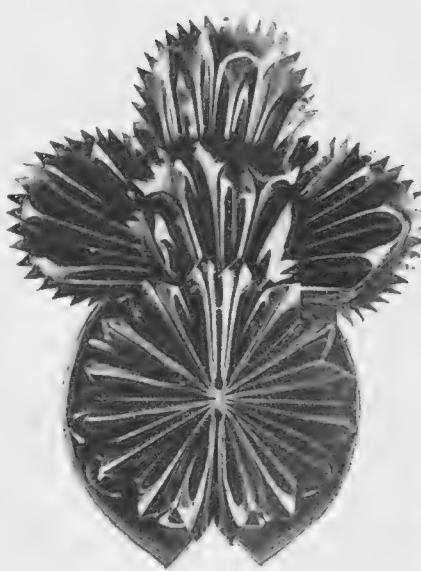
VARIATION OF TREBLE.



VARIATION OF TREBLE.



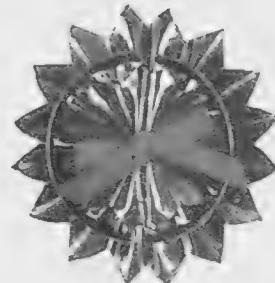
COLOURED.



FULL STATE (FOR COCKED-HAT).



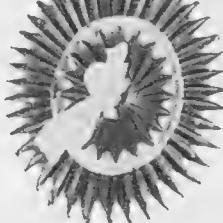
OLD GEORGE III. (METAL).



ROYAL (FOR SILK HAT).



SEMI-STATE (FOR COCKED-HAT).



REGENT (IN LEATHER).

TYPES OF THE COCKADE.

idea that a certain pitch of gentility necessitates the cockade, and so it is mounted without inquiry into right or title. As a matter of fact, official inquiry into right and title with a view to preserve some remnant of distinction for this little adjunct of livery would, it is to be feared, result in a painful weeding-out of wearers, and perhaps a prosecution or two for assuming decorations without authority. It is very unlikely, however, that authorised bearers of the cockade will ever band themselves, as the royal tradesmen recently did, into an association for maintaining the purity of their order, and so we may expect the badge to grow commoner and commoner, until at length it graces the hat even of our smartest

Heraldry," who lays down the law with no uncertain sound. The privilege, he assures us, is confined to the servants of officers in her Majesty's service, or those who by courtesy may be regarded as such, the theory being that the servant is a private soldier who, when not wearing his uniform, retains this badge as a mark of his profession. He proceeds in a more scathing vein to deal with the wearing of the cockade by the servants of doctors whose names are not to be found in the Army or Navy List. "Cockade-wearing servants," he continues, "whose masters do not hold offices which represent the Crown, have my authority to think their masters impostors." Quite so. But the servant will, no

doubt, be well enough pleased to accept the author's authority and to "ax no questions" on condition that he still retain his natty scrap of magnificence. Usage, indeed, has so robbed the cockade of significance that imposture is almost impossible, and those unauthorised persons who adopt it in the hope of increasing their consequence impose only on themselves.

But, of course, the cockade has a meaning and a history... Its legitimate use is confined, in addition to those already mentioned, to the servants of officers in the Militia and Volunteers, to Lieutenants and Deputy-Lieutenants of counties, and to High Sheriffs during their term of office. There it begins and ends. The noble guild of baronets, unless such members as hold military or naval rank, are out of it. So, too, are M.P.'s, J.P.'s, and even, alas! to recall Mr. *Punch*'s renowned jest, members of the Army and Navy Stores.

The cockade bears its origin in its name. It is no older than the cocked-hat, being, indeed, the rosette or brooch wherewith the hat was "cocked." Its practical utility for this purpose of holding up the flap of the hat has long ago expired, but the name remains as an interesting and significant survival. The ornament is said to have originated as a fighting badge with the House of Hanover, with whom it came to England. The earlier forms seem to have been made of metal, and a metal example of the time of George III. is reproduced herewith. It displays the Star, the Garter, and St. George's Cross, the whole being surmounted by the crown. A very little consideration of the more familiar modern examples will enable one to trace in them the same elements modified. In all except the mourning, diplomatic, regent, and royal (for silk hat), the survival of the crown is clearly discernible. The crown, or what represents it, is said to be the peculiar right of the military service, the plain cockade that of the naval, but on these finer points there seems to be considerable doubt.

As regards the famous white cockade of the Jacobites, the pretty fancy that it was representative of the Stuart white rose has been called in question by Fox-Davies in his "Armorial Families." He is inclined to believe that it was assumed in contradistinction to the black badge of the Hanoverians. As an alternative theory, however, he suggests that the white cockade may have been adopted in Scotland from the similar badge of France, owing to the intimacy of the two countries. He even goes so far as to doubt that the white cockade had much existence out of song and romance. The same writer's statement that the cockade was first mounted by "the English" at the battle of Sheriffmuir, where "the Scots" wore a blue favour in their bonnets, must be taken with caution from an authority whose notion of the parties engaged is so hazy.

Parti-coloured cockades are still worn on the Continent, and are even supplied to Continental persons of quality by London manufacturers. Among artists in cockades, Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett are, of course, the chief, the examples which accompany the present article being in almost every case supplied by their kindness. Much of the information, too, is due to them. The black cockade is the invariable rule for English family equipages, but the coloured variety is not unknown in our thoroughfares when we have foreign visitors. Germany claims the black and white; France the tricolour; Spain red; Belgium black, yellow, and red; Portugal white and blue; the Netherlands orange; Austria black and yellow. The coachman of an Ambassador, of course, wears the colours of the country which his master represents. Two varieties of the so-called diplomatic cockade are given herewith, one showing the survival of the crown, the other a plain disc. Both of these are executed in colours. The science does not appear to be very exact, and the artist would have little power to enforce rules even if they were known. When a customer wishes a cockade, it is not, of course, for the maker to inquire into right and title; he has merely to supply what is asked for, so that caprice has full swing. Your plutocrat may ask for anything, and will get it, short, of course, of the few recognised sanctities, such as the royal badges; none may seek to instruct him. It is doubtful, indeed, whether increase of knowledge would tend to increase the hankering after the cockade, for at the most it signifies only an official rank which need not be higher than lieutenant, so that Sir Gorgias Midas is happier in his uninformed belief that it means something very grand indeed. This is one of the instances in which the bliss of humanity is best promoted by a wise vagueness. Long may the cockade flourish and bourgeon ever into fresh varieties; for it has power to make the ugly silk hat a fitting adjunct of flunkeyism, which is not so sorely paralysed by the 30th of January, 1649, as Carlyle dreamed. Nay, rather, it is growing in beauty, and although it may never be as exquisite in colour as it has been, in cut at any rate it has not seen its zenith. So let the cockade expand and flourish, for, thanks to our blessed advances in democratic thought, its progress will never be hindered by a re-enactment of the sumptuary laws.

The 1st Battalion South Lancashire Regiment (the old "Fighting Fortieth") seems to be a happy family. Twice during last month the football team met the 2nd Battalion West Kent in the field, and on each occasion the result was a draw. The first match took place at Dublin, and, with the kindly assistance of the Colonel, the South Lancashires chartered a special train, and some two hundred of the men, accompanied by the Colonel and officers, journeyed from Fermoy to Dublin—a hundred and sixty miles—to see the match. Although, as a Cork newspaper put it, "let loose upon Dublin," every man turned up on the field, and on the return trip not one was late at the railway station, the party reaching Fermoy at midnight without a mishap of any kind. The Colonel gave out before starting that he trusted to their good behaviour, and his confidence in his men was not misplaced.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is announced that the genial humorist known as Mark Twain has paid off all the debts of the business with which he was unfortunately connected when, by no fault of his, it failed. Even if the statement, which has been made before, is not accurate, it is merely premature. We all know that he has made himself responsible for liabilities which were not legally his, nor even morally so in the opinion of the creditors or of the world in general. But, with a higher sense of commercial honour than most commercial men possess, the literary man, in the autumn of life, took up the burden, and has carried it when no one—I do not say compelled but asked him to do so, simply that no man should be able to say he had lost money through trusting the name of Mark Twain.

It is good to have such a record among literary men, for it has always been the cant of a certain type of critic that authors and artists were to be treated as a race apart from other men as regards both the interest of their daily life and the moral judgment applied to their actions. This attitude of mind on the part of critics is far less general than it was, but it still exists, and is so far a nuisance. It cannot be reiterated too often that the ordinary human life of an author is not a proper subject of critical investigation or discussion, except in so far as it elucidates his works or his general character, and that moral standards are the same for the artist as for other men. In fact, the artist ought to have a keener sense of honour, a more exacting standard than his neighbours, for his perceptions are finer, and his method of life has greater temptations. A poet, for instance, must, as poet, be a desultory worker. If the right word or phrase eludes him for weeks, he must wait for weeks till it comes. Every author of any literary merit must at times be conscious that from exhaustion, outside circumstances, or simple inexplicable "cussedness," his brain refuses to do really good work. He may be quite well, keenly eager to work, penetrated with his subject; yet the ink dries on his uplifted pen, and the right words hide themselves at the bottom of the inkstand, and refuse to rise to the most skilful fishing.

The weak and self-indulgent man, the man with a taint or a defect, makes this adverse fortune the excuse for his idleness; because the best and hardest intellectual worker must sometimes admit that he can do nothing well enough, and must endure hours vacant of result, therefore the weakling cursed with an artistic temperament must needs loaf about waiting for the mighty inspiration which comes rarely even to the great, and will never come at all to the lesser. Again, because men of genius in the past have let their passions carry them away into excess, those who have nothing of genius but its irregularities claim freedom from the common standard.

All this is vicious nonsense, and it is a comfort to feel that it is losing its hold on our minds now. Of course, when a great writer is also a weak or vicious man, we may weigh our gain against his loss, and own that good has come out of evil. But genius is no more necessarily connected with immorality than with insanity. The distinguished professor who apparently believes in the insanity of genius omits to consider that the greatest literary and artistic genius has generally been shown by those who possessed a fair amount of worldly prudence and probity, and whose life was free in the main from gross evil. Shakspere died a respectable moneyed citizen of his native town. That he died drunk, or of drinking, is a legend that takes "G. B. S." to pretend to credit. Milton, though not always prudent in household matters, made both ends meet somehow, and was austere, though at times unpleasantly, moral. Nothing is more remarkable in the men of letters of our own age than the general diffusion of business habits and blameless morality.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that, in order to paint the darker sides of life, a dramatist or novelist must have lived out as well as thought out his characters. Instinct and imagination will enable the most virtuous of authors to wallow in vicarious vice in the person of his villains, so as to convince his readers that he knows all about it. Rudyard Kipling has not been inside a python, nor has he served as a private soldier, yet he has created Kaa and Mulvaney. In fact, just as the most vicious of poets have sometimes been the most edifying, from the reaction of the fine spirit against the gross flesh, so the most (personally) virtuous writers have often done the most objectionable work. Just as heat, motion, electricity, change into one another in turn, and present the same amount of force in Protean variety of form, so is it with conduct. The good and the bad must have an outlet somewhere. The Italian bandit is often a man of singular devotion to religious observances. This is not hypocrisy so much as the satisfaction of the virtuous impulses that would otherwise break out in morality, to the ruin of his professional prospects. On the other hand, popular preachers have often been known to go astray morally. The lower part of their nature, weary of never being allowed a say, revolts and makes a scandal.

All which would seem to prove that a morally good man, if he is not unusually good, will be likely to write an immorally bad book; and as the effect of the book is probably greater than that of the man's example—which was *not* what I set out to prove, but it doesn't matter.

MARMITON.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

It is somewhat disappointing to find that Mr. Brandon Thomas's new play is unlikely to add very greatly to the gaiety of nations. Yet, even if one cannot pretend that "22A, Curzon Street," is altogether satisfactory as it stands, it may be possible to whip it into shape. After all, there is a little bird who whispers that "Charley's Aunt" had by no means a Minerva birth, but required a great deal of licking into form ere it came to town. The faults of "22A, Curzon Street," are so obvious that one is staggered to find that they were not perceived before the play was produced. It is within the truth to say that the piece has several undesirable complications, which could be wiped out without any very great difficulty. The important fact remains that the chief idea of the piece is exceedingly funny.

Fancy the position of a lady who finds that, during her absence in the country, some swindlers have sold her town house, and that an altogether innocent, *bond-fide* purchaser for valuable consideration—that is the lawyer's phrase—has taken possession and is making alterations on a handsome scale. No wonder poor Mrs. Featherstone was flabbergasted. Of course, the awkwardness of the position is greatly increased when it chances that the purchaser is a man with whom you happen to be in love. Poor Mrs. Featherstone was very much in love with Sir Patrick, and quite willing that he should hang up his hat in the house bequeathed to her by Mr. Featherstone; but when she found that, without asking her permission, he was hanging his pictures on her walls, and treating her as a guest, she felt that things were going a little too far, since they had not gone far enough. Unluckily for all parties, Mrs. Featherstone had a friend—such a friend! a strong-minded woman—who revelled in the idea of preventing Sir Patrick from usurping her position in 22A, Curzon Street. So there were prodigious complications, and everybody was utterly bewildered, save Mr. and Mrs. Piddock, who had conceived the happy idea of selling a house that did not belong to them, and made the fatal mistake of being too greedy. What a hateful, disastrous thing greed is—in other people! Mr. Piddock might have become a public philanthropist by working with the five thousand pounds that he drew from the guileless Sir Patrick, if he had not stolen Mrs. Featherstone's jewels as well, and hidden them so indiscreetly as to be compelled to pay a visit to the house after the murder was out. Luckily for him, Mrs. Featherstone was in love, and, therefore, tender-hearted—at least, for the moment—so when Mrs. Piddock made an appeal for mercy, not only was all forgotten and forgiven, but Piddock actually got a present from her of a thousand pounds, with which he made a second or third start in life. I trust that he "went straight" in future, for his wife, though she stretched the doctrine of wifely obedience a little too far, deserved some happiness.

In the part of Mary Piddock, Miss Fanny Brough worked wonders;



THE POSTER FOR THE GARRICK THEATRE.



"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" BY SCHOOLBOYS AT RAMSGATE.

by her power and skill she saved the situation towards the close of the play. Mr. Herbert Sparling gave a remarkably clever performance as her husband. It hardly appears necessary to mention the other artists of reputation who struggled sincerely with parts that did not seem to suit them entirely.

It is three hundred years since "The Merchant of Venice" was first produced, so the boys of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, selected it for their theatricals, their last year's performance of "Hamlet" having proved such a decided success. "The Merchant of Venice," with a few wise excisions, is admirably adapted for a boy's stage. Needless to say, they again scored a brilliant success, as attested by the crowded audiences present each evening and by the eulogistic comments of the local press. Everything—staging, scenery, and costumes included—was declared thoroughly up-to-date. Chief among the performers were E. Dent as Shylock, C. Dörmer as Portia, C. Carroll as Bassanio, J. Minell as Antonio, all of whom displayed admirable skill in the handling of their respective rôles. The Casket Scene, wherein Portia shows such womanly grace and all the distinctive powers of her sex, was impressively rendered; but the great dramatic power of the youthful performers was more effectively shown in the Trial Scene, Shylock, Portia, Antonio, and Gratiano appearing to great advantage.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"Memoirs of a Highland Lady" (John Murray) is the autobiography of Elizabeth Grant of Rothimurchus, afterwards Mrs. Smith of Baltiboy, and is edited by Lady Strachey. It embraces the first thirty-three years of Mrs. Smith's life, and ends with her marriage. As a detailed picture of Highland life in the beginning of the century it has considerable interest and value, although many of the recollections are at once so early and so detailed that it is impossible not to suspect them. How much can most people remember of their lives when they were eight or nine? Mrs. Smith remembers the minutest detail about herself and other people. The autobiography is written in a plain, straightforward style, and contains a few notices of people who are still interesting. There are glimpses of Sir Walter Scott and some of his friends. Sir David Brewster comes in, and we are told that he had a charming wife, and was very agreeable in society—indeed, agreeable everywhere except at home or with anyone engaged with him in business. "Nobody ever had dealings with him and escaped a quarrel. Whether he were ill, the brain over-worked, and the body thus overweighted, or whether his wife did not understand him, or did not know and exert herself, there is no saying." Mrs. Smith assures us that Sir Walter Scott went out very little, and when he did go was generally very silent, looking dull and listless unless an occasional flash lighted up his countenance. "It was odd, but Sir Walter never had the reputation in Edinburgh he had elsewhere, was not the lion, I mean. His wonderful works were looked for, read with avidity, praised on all hands, yet the author made far less noise at home than he did abroad. The fat, vulgar Mrs. Jobson, whose low husband had made his large fortune at Dundee by pickling herrings, on being congratulated at the approaching marriage of her daughter to Sir Walter Scott's son, said, 'The young people were attached, otherwise her Jane might have looked higher.' It was only a baronetcy, and quite a late creation." What comes out most remarkably in the book is the strength of the clan feeling in the Highlands. All the Grants were friends, and even the illegitimate relations, who seem to have been very numerous, were cordially received, and that apparently by the people who had most reason to regret their appearance. As a picture of family history and Highland life, the book is worth reading, although much of it is very tedious, and the tone is somehow not quite pleasant. An intense self-complacency bears the writer through all her troubles.

Miss Rosaline Masson has given us another book of short stories, entitled "A Departure from Tradition" (Bliss, Sands, and Co.). They are cleverly written, and can be read without much difficulty. The subjects are various. In the first we have a young lady who has been educated at Girton and taken a degree. She marries a sporting man, who has failed to take a degree at Oxford, and who is comforted by the idea that a wife should be an intellectual companion to her husband. They get through the honeymoon pretty well, but at the end of it she informs him that she is translating the "Allegoræ Homeri" of Heraclides, that she is getting up Political Economy, and that she is bringing out some critical essays on the Correlation of Inconceivables in Transcendental Apperception. When these have gone to press she is to take up the Ontogenesis of the Ego Considered in Relation to the Evolution of the Indeterminate. Consequently, her husband has to do the housekeeping. He has great difficulties, and is compelled to resort to his most intimate male friend. The friend advises him to engage six good-looking lady helps, upon which his wife, with sobs, demands the keys, and their history is thenceforward idyllic. This is a fair sample of the whole book. In the last story a young lady is engaged to a rising young scientist. He becomes tired of her because he develops and she remains a pretty, fair-haired girl without much to say for herself. So the engagement is broken off, and, in the hope of getting him back, the young lady goes to science classes and becomes very brilliant. Things do not end rightly, however. The famous scientist—for he is famous by this time—marries a little, empty-headed, heartless, shallow, frivolous widow, while the lady weds a wealthy stockbroker, a widower, thirty years her senior. Miss Masson is clever, and writes well, though she has no colour and no charm. But she is more than a trifle bitter, and she continually exaggerates things in order to get a story. This book may be read and a sleep will wipe it from the mind as completely as a sponge wipes writing from a slate.

"A Forgotten Sin," by Dorothea Gerard (Blackwood), is, I regret to say, a very poor book. It is long since the two sisters who wrote under the pen-name "E. D. Gerard" gave us such charming and instructive stories as "Reata." Now they have divided, and neither of them is able apparently to write anything of account. We follow in "A Forgotten Sin" the familiar dreary roads. There is the handsome, refined husband, who has been a scoundrel in his time, the stout, plain, elderly wife with money, and the lovely, innocent girl of seventeen. Then, as a matter of course, the lover appears, fabulously rich, with a past, and possessed of prodigious musical gifts. By his handling of the piano, and by occasionally looking as if he were a good man, he wins the heart of the girl, and is more than happy for a little time of his engagement. Then he goes up to London, where there is somebody else, and the thing proceeds through suicide and fever to a reformation and a marriage. The writing of this kind of rubbish, especially as it is written here, ought to be seriously discouraged. There is no reason why a machine could not be constructed to turn out such stories—stories that show no work, no depth, no perception; which are as mechanical and soulless as a musical-box.

o. o.

SOME FOREIGN AUDIENCES.

IN NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

Trippers travelling in Japan generally witness a geisha dance in Tōkyō—or, for preference, in Kyōto—a wrestling match in Ekōin, and an exhibition of jugglery in Ōsaka, or some other town of importance; then they return to Europe and pester their kinsfolk and acquaintance with highly coloured descriptions of Japanese ways and customs. Now, as a fact, many of these so-called "Japanese" entertainments are organised merely for the delectation of the orthodox tourist, and are no more typical of Japanese performances than the spectators themselves represent a Japanese audience.

On almost any day of the week, however, a genuine Japanese audience may be seen in the native theatre of some such comparatively primitive town as Nagasaki, and in the native playhouse of Nagasaki itself I have frequently witnessed Japanese performances, also the antics of Japanese audiences, which latter are sometimes the more amusing of the two. The play generally begins between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, and lasts until sunset, and nearly always it is melodramatic in its action, being founded in most cases upon some ancient historical incident concerning a deed of villainy and blood, or else upon some well-known legend or romance. Then, though the principal stage immediately faces the audience, and has a drop-curtain, as in European theatres, a sort of minor platform, six or eight feet in width, extends right round the auditorium, in the form of a square or an oblong, and the cheapest seats—"pit" seats in both senses—are bounded upon all sides by this extra platform. Such being the case, the audience, naturally enough, bring with them their midday meal, which they eat when they happen to feel hungry—a feeling that apparently arises at odd moments, not necessarily between the acts. They also bring their children, and the moment the curtain falls there is a general stampede of youngsters, who precipitately clamber from the "pit" on to the platform, and then crawl as best they can under the curtain itself, presumably to discover whether the tortured heroine has sufficiently regained her self-respect to be able to sing a solo before being publicly slaughtered in the beginning of the next act. Having apparently satisfied their juvenile curiosity, the urchins presently begin to reappear, at first one by one, then in twos and threes, wriggling out under the curtain like great worms; and evidently much impressed by what they have seen; they then quietly return to their places. The wealthier members of the audience sit on chairs in a balcony, as becomes persons of their high position, and, of course, their children behave as respectable Japanese mites should.

But what strikes one chiefly about a Japanese audience is the patience which it displays in sitting out a piece lasting between six and eight hours. Of course, the Japanese play is not of the "problem" order, nor yet of the "sexual" type, neither has it been written "with a purpose"; but, to judge from the action of the players, it is, as I have said, invariably of a sensational character. Presumably, too, it rivets the attention of its audience more firmly than a London play holds a London audience, for I cannot help thinking that even the most thrilling of melodramatic matinées would begin to pall upon the metropolitan playgoer at the end of, say, four or five hours.

IN CANTON, CHINA.

After passing in through a dingy, narrow passage, called out of courtesy "the stage entrance," and scrambling up two flights of filthy, rickety stairs, I found myself in total darkness; then, suddenly, a sort of shutter was drawn aside, and I gazed down in wonderment upon the piece in progress immediately beneath me, and upon the rows and rows of typical Chinese faces beyond the stage itself, for the "box" in which I was now seated was located at the back of the stage and exactly faced the audience.

And what a sight that audience presented! The house, capable of accommodating some thousand or more persons, was so packed that the front row of the stalls (*sic*) practically rested their chins upon the stage, and, peering up at the play, they looked, from where I sat, intensely comical. Nearly everybody was standing, but whereas the male portion of the audience occupied the best places "in front," scores upon scores of painted little Chinese ladies could be seen craning their slender necks over the iron hand-rail running round the balcony above. The piece had to do with light comedy, judging from the ripples of cackling laughter that from time to time trickled through the house, and especially along the balcony—a sort of "Night Out" in China, apparently, with an almond-eyed Miss Fanny Ward playing the leading part, or rather, a mere man dressed up to impersonate her, for in China women are seldom enough seen on the stage. Hand-clapping, it seems, is an unknown way in China of marking approval. When the point of a Chinese joke punctures the audience, or, say, when some particular bit of acting evokes their enthusiasm, the men merely grin approvingly and make a sound in their throats as of croaking, while the women titter and giggle much after the manner of Englishwomen who despise the Pioneer Club. Considered all round, therefore, a Chinese theatre is not the place one would select as the most amusing to patronise on a Bank Holiday, nor yet if one's spirits needed raising, for a more dreary form of entertainment it would be difficult to discover in the uncivilised world, though certainly in this London of ours there are one or two places of amusement that beat the Chinese theatre on its own ground, namely, in point of dulness. As in a Japanese playhouse, the audience in a Chinese theatre is, as a rule, far more amusing to watch than the play.

B. T.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, March 9, 6.52; Thursday, 6.54; Friday, 6.56; Saturday, 6.57; Sunday, 6.59; Monday, 7.1; Tuesday, 7.2.

The chainless machine is by no means a novelty, but it is a question whether the "Columbia" type is not the most satisfactory. The "Columbia" people—the Pope Manufacturing Company—who are not



AN ARTISTIC POSTER.

altogether disinterested on the point, say confidently that it is. The preliminary principle of bevel gear is, of course, adhered to, but, where there were flaws in the inventions that preceded the "Columbia" machine, Mr. Pope spent two years in the testing and perfecting of his idea. One's first question is whether the advantages of the chainless bicycle are commensurate with the difference in price, which is, of course, much higher than is charged for the ordinary "Columbia" roadster. The claims are (1) neatness, (2) cleanliness, (3) safety, (4) diminution in labour in hill-climbing, (5) no necessity for oiling. One needs only to see the chainless cycle to appreciate the sweetness of the apple. If it does not absolutely make one's mouth water, it makes one's feet tingle and whets one's desire to stride the vehicle.

The driving mechanism is contained in the rear triangle of the frame, which constitutes a perfect truss. It is protected by dust-proof cases and fully prepared with vaseline and felt washers. There can be no grinding or snappy noises as with the chain-bicycle, and the care taken in hardening the bevel steel, regulated by dynamometer tests and hard riding, has been with the end to dispel the tendency to bind the gears. There is no friction, and before a tooth in the gear could break the crank would first have to give way. As an illustration of the advantages of the chainless bicycle, the Pope Company's standard gearing is seventy-two, and the only disadvantage they admit is slightly increased weight in order to ensure rigidity of the fork. The Columbia Chainless Cycle is comparatively new to England, but who shall say that it will not revolutionise cycling—which is itself inherently a sport of revolution?

Concerning a paragraph which lately appeared in these columns a lady writes to me from Essex—

I should like to add my experience of the novel kind of brake you speak of. I was staying at St. Baatenberg in August last. Wishing to ride to Interlaken with another lady, we tied pine-branches to our machines in the manner you describe, and rode the whole distance in comfort. We did not, however, coast, as the road zigzagged too often. In places we had to back-pedal and likewise apply our brakes.

I may mention that several well-known cyclists have found the "branch-brake," as they call it, a capital one for practical use on steep hills.

An imaginative individual, writing in a popular halfpenny daily paper, thinks that pony polo will end by taking the place of cricket!

Considering that the price of polo-ponies in England varies from one hundred to four hundred and even five hundred guineas, and that each player needs at least four, and that a man to be able to play first-class polo has to spend more money over the pastime than it would cost him to hunt in the shires every day of the season, the supposition of this remarkable writer is manifestly an erroneous one. Bicycle polo, however, as I stated a week or two ago, is steadily winning popularity, and it seems likely to continue to do so, if I may judge from the fact that twenty-seven correspondents have written to me within a fortnight to inquire where the rules of bicycle polo can be obtained. By the way, I read lately that another "keen votary of the wheel" (*sic*) had been trying to organise a polo match, ponies *v.* cycles. The sooner the authorities at Colney Hatch take these keen votaries of the homicidal mania under their wing the better. Joking apart, is it possible that any man in his right senses can really wish to promote such a contest? If so, assuredly he cannot ever have seen a polo match played on ponies, and much less ever have played the game himself.

We are looking for the March winds to dry up the winter's mud and make country roads rideable once more, proclaiming the advent of the touring season. It wants but a month to Easter, when cycling may be said to begin in earnest. Questions of interest to all wheelmen at this season are, What provision do the railway companies intend to make for the accommodation of cycles on passenger trains? and are we to expect any reduction in the present high rate charged for the transit of machines? We were told, in a letter from Sir Henry Oakley, which was read in the House of Commons, that many railway companies have experimented, and are still experimenting, with various plans of their own, or suggested by others, for the satisfactory carriage of cycles. This announcement may be satisfactory as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. We are little, if any, farther ahead in this matter than we were last year, and if there is to be any improvement in the coming season, it is high time it were announced. With regard to the rates charged, one would not grudge them so much if adequate accommodation were provided and reasonable immunity from damage secured. But, with the present tariff, when I take a ticket for my machine, I feel very much as I would if I were to pay a first-class fare for myself and be compelled to travel third.

I do not know as yet which is to be the more popular in Paris, the culotte or jupe, for cycling in the coming spring and summer. I hear of most fascinating costumes being made for the season in both styles. Stockings, I am sure, will become a feature in the spring cycling-costumes; one hears of pretty feint tartans on dark grounds, the colours in the tartan matching the colours in the skirt or vest. Another pretty idea is embroidered flowers in sprays on dark, plain-coloured hose. A pale-grey cloth costume was described to me which I thought exceedingly chic; it had been made for a well-known beauty. The culottes were made rather long, and so full that when walking they had the appearance of a short skirt; the short, smart reefer-jacket was made with a big sailor-collar turned back with pale-blue silk, under which was worn a soft blue silk blouse. The hat was of grey felt trimmed with a wreath of forget-me-nots and a dash of black ribbon; while the black silk hose were embroidered with the same flowers.

FOOTBALL IN THE DESERT.

Undoubtedly Suez has not possessed such a handful of young British blood before as the Eastern Telegraph Company's Association Football team. This season more matches have been played than heretofore. In December, when the 21st Lancers paid Suez a week's visit, two matches were played against them, Suez drawing the first and winning the second. When the King of Siam passed through he very kindly sent his band up to the field for the match against H.M.S. *Scout*. The E.T.C. team have met the *Scout's* team several times, also the E.T.C.'s cable-ship *Amber* and the *Scout* combined, and H.M.S. *Melita*. Altogether sixteen matches have been played; thirteen won, three drawn, and a total of forty-six goals to nine—a record of which the staff and team feel justly proud.



THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Prince Barealdine and Timon is just now the favourite double event, and the two horses named look to have good chances of winning the Lincoln Handicap and the Grand National, though I think Manifesto, if he stands up, must go close for the jumping Derby. It is worthy of note that Mr. W. J. Ford will act as judge during the first week of the opening of the flat-race season, and I must say that, in my opinion, the judge's box at Liverpool is the most ornamental structure of its kind in England, while the number-board at Aintree is the most complete to be found anywhere.

I am continually receiving complaints about touts' circulars that are received unsolicited by correspondents. They should in all cases return them by post to the senders, without paying the postage. This might prevent a repetition of the nuisance. I think a law should be passed under which any man could be punished for sending betting and tipping circulars through the post to anybody unless desired to do so. Many complainers who have received these precious documents say they never bet, but happen to hold shares in speculative companies, off the registers of which their names and addresses are obtained.

We hear complaints now and then of the delay in the delivery of telegrams, but sporting men have very little to complain of, as the racing and cricket department of the General Post Office is ably conducted. During the course of a year I open and locate at least twenty thousand telegrams, Press and private, and during an experience extending over twenty years I have not known more than half-a-dozen a-year, on the average, go astray. This speaks volumes for the discipline and administrative ability displayed in this special branch of the Telegraph Department, and the funny part of it is, I do not know who is the head of this branch.

When I was at Newmarket to see the race for the Two Thousand of 1897 run for, a friend told me that George Barrett could not last the week out, as he was suffering from paralysis of the brain. But the well-known jockey lingered on until last week, when death came as a happy release from his terrible sufferings. As a rider, Barrett had one or two superiors; as he lacked judgment, but he displayed indomitable pluck, and I am not likely to forget his remark to me some years ago when he was had up before the Stewards for, as he said, displaying too much enterprise in trying to get his mount home. Barrett rode some good winners for the Kingsclere stable; but many thought him unlucky not to have got La Flèche home for the Derby in Sir Hugo's year, and others, again, criticised his riding of Orme in the St. Leger; but I doubt if he could have won on either. Barrett was a real good judge

of a horse, and he had learned to ride well in his early boyhood on his father's farm. Barrett was always endeavouring to improve his education, and he spent a lot of time in teaching his brother Fred to read and write well. The deceased jockey was very popular with his brother professionals.

Many of the big plungers never under any consideration speculate on selling steeplechases. There are several old staggers entered for these



THE NEW HOME BUILT FOR PERSIMMON AT SANDRINGHAM.

Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

races continually, and they somehow manage to beat one another at least once a week. Perhaps it is that certain horses cannot run on certain courses. Anyway, I consider selling steeplechases as so many flat-traps that should be avoided by careful speculators. The advice will also hold good in the case of selling National Hunt flat-races, in which, by-the-bye, the jockey and not the horse should be backed. Some of the riders could not win a race on a Galtee More or a Persimmon. Hunting and race-riding are two different things.

Several improvements are contemplated at Lingfield, which will, in the course of time, become a good-paying property. I believe Parliament is to be asked for powers to erect a new station adjoining the racecourse, but I am sorry to hear that it is in contemplation to use it for club-members only, as I consider the frequenters of Tattersall's ring, who pay full prices for their sport, are as much entitled to consideration as those members who get a year's fun and comfort for five guineas. The executive will, I am sure, be consulting their own interests by catering for the crowd, and I think Mr. J. B. Leigh is smart enough to be able to see this.

It is a matter for congratulation that the Prince of Wales, Lord Wolverton, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild have joined the ranks of owners under National Hunt Rules. Mr. Dan Thirlwell, who trains for these gentlemen at Michel Grove, is a brother-in-law of R. Marsh and J. Jewitt. Mr. Thirlwell is a capable horseman, and he has ridden a winner for the Prince of Wales on the flat. So also has Mr. Lushington, who is training a jumper for his Royal Highness at the Curragh.

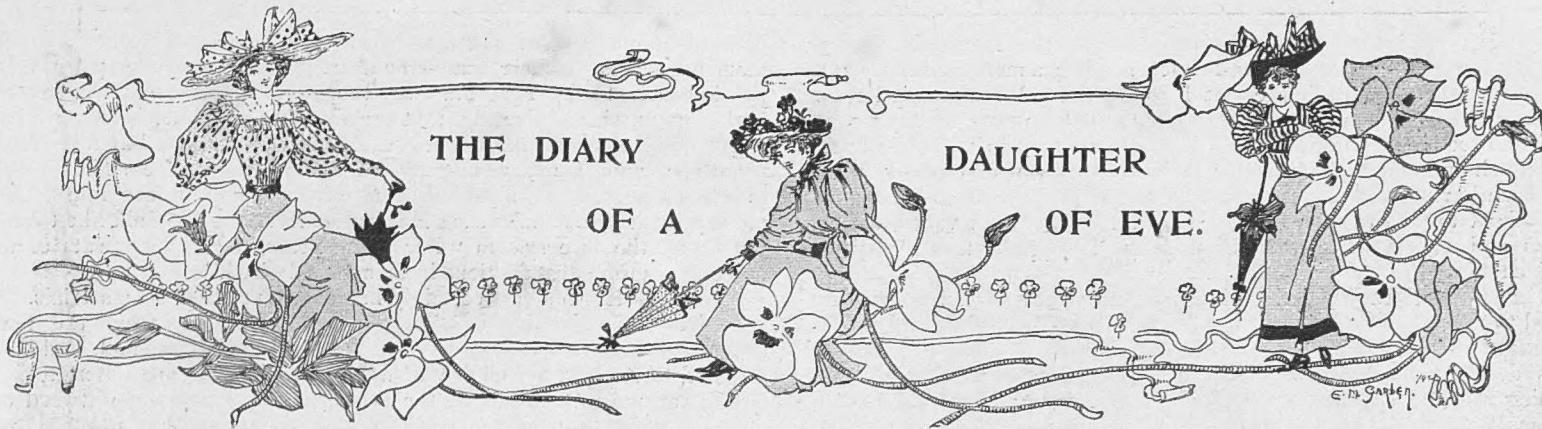
On the other hand, the National Hunt season has not been a good one for the racecourse funds, and Clerks of Courses are not too anxious for vacant dates. The sales of winners in the selling races have not been good, and it is these events officials rely upon for the greater part of their profits. Further, many old staggers now seldom go to the course. They prefer to visit the clubs and bet on the tape. I think the absence of bands at some of the Metropolitan meetings keeps ladies away.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE LATE GEORGE BARRETT.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.



Tuesday.—Arthur has returned. He came over last night at a quarter to ten, bearing in his left hand photographs of himself taken with black men, camels, and donkeys in the desert, and, shaking his right hand impressively, he proceeded to explain to me how badly the women dressed on board the boats. All costumes for wearing on such occasions,

London the fashion of runners in front of his carriage, though fears perhaps the traffic in town might render such elegance too exciting. Julia is in radiant spirits at his return, and has, in honour of it no doubt, forgotten to lecture me on any of my delinquencies.

I am rather worried at not being able to make up my mind how



A SMART GOWN.

JULIA'S WHITE CHIFFON AND BLACK LACE DRESS.

[Copyright.]

he vows, should be of ulster form, calculated to stand the most ardent wind with indifference. Furthermore, he declares that the amount of jewellery which adorns the fair sex while travelling makes for the vulgar. Then, again, he urges that I turn my attention to exhorting them to a consideration of the simple. Arthur on women's costume is Arthur in a new light—the light of other days at Cairo, where he seems to have had a very good time dancing at the General's and hobnobbing with the Khedive and Lord Cromer. He is anxious to inaugurate in

many new clothes I can contrive to purchase, and feel singularly anxious to copy several of those worn in "A Bachelor's Romance" at the Globe, where we went last night, especially May Harvey's grey cloth, which was made by Jay's, covered with a design of padded cloth, with revers showing white frills and little lines of black velvet. I should like her hat, too, with its grey Paradise plumes at one side and choux of black velvet on the hair. Miss Nellie Thorne's blue muslin I admire also, frilled on the hem and with a chiffon collar all frills, which she wears

with a large rustic hat of poppies and cornflowers. Her other muslin, with the apron and the green sun-bonnet, is again a most pleasing sight. I have seen these gowns before, but I do not think I ever wanted them so much as I do this morning. However, I shall go over to Jay's next week and see if Mr. Hiley of fame will enable me to surpass their charms. He is such an autoerat, that man. He always manages to persuade me that I am having what I like, and, as a matter of fact, all his customers are obliged to take what he likes; however, as he likes very beautiful frocks and makes them very beautifully, I suppose much may be forgiven him.

Thursday.—I know all about Fashion; no secrets of her politics are sacred to me. The materials of her dreams are of grenadine and canvas tendency. She is much taken with the charms of small checks, she loves dearly muslin chemisettes, she has a positive passion for two flapping wings at the side of her hats, and she smiles with persistency on a decoration of padded strappings on cloth gowns. Furthermore, she recognises the charms of braid, and has proclivities towards the tight



[Copyright.]

THAT DRESS OF GREY TWEED.

bodice which terminates at the waist. She is determined to hurl from its pedestal the pouched Russian coat; she will have none of it, and in its place she has elected to honour the short jacket which reaches to the hips, has no fulness in the basque, and but little in the sleeves. Such jackets as these show much decoration inside their revers, and have fanciful strappings or braidings across the front and in yoke shape over the shoulders and the top of the sleeves. Fashion is much concerned with the top portion of her sleeves, having decided to decorate these, since their enlargement is no longer favourable unto her. On walking-dresses, paddings of silk and of cloth do much service, and on the evening-gowns much elaboration of lace and flowers appears; as a rule, sleeves on evening-gowns are short. Quite one of the best examples of an evening-frock to be met in London is that worn by Miss Mary Moore in "The Liars." This is of white satin with insertions of cream-coloured lace glittering with silver sequins extending from the waist to above the knee, where it forms rounded corners and slopes to the back, a deep flounce of the silvered lace hanging to the ground, and the short sleeves being set off by double-crossed bands of turquoise velvet beneath them. Miss Cynthia Brooke wears a lovely new dress of crêpe-de-Chine, with tiny ruches of chiffon meandering their way up the skirt, and

Miss Brunton looks fine in green. And all these ladies wear wonderful diamond combs in their hair—the Parisian Diamond Company is a public benefactor! Yet I must say the prettiest shape that I have seen is the one purchased there by that greedy sister of mine, Julia, with its trellis of diamonds on the light shell. I am saving up to buy myself its prototype, and I am wondering whether a persuasive smile to the gentleman in authority at 143, Regent Street, would induce him to let me pay for it by instalments, as if it were furniture. I should like to buy jewels on the hire system "For three years, weekly payments of no object, only the latest fashions in diamonds desired."

Friday.—Her Majesty certainly has excellent taste in materials. I have just been glancing at a pattern selected by her from the new designs of Hamilton's, of the White House, Portrush, Ireland, and feel disposed to applaud her choice of a powder-blue of rough texture. I also discovered next to this, in the same bundle, a moss-green tweed of pleasing aspect, interwoven with lines of light blue and pale yellow. This is most artistic, and might be commended for the use of the cyclist; it would not show the dust, and it would lend itself amiably to pale shirts. I can picture it looking charming with a buff-coloured batiste shirt and a black tie, or with a light-blue shirt it would have a good effect. There are dozens of Hamilton's tweeds, though, that have a good effect; and their homespuns I like, especially those which are interwoven in indescribable drabs. Among these, at a price of 3s. 9d., is an example of brown and cream with faint lines of blue—exceedingly nice it is. Then they have one at 3s. 11d., a real manly check of brown and shaded fawns, small in size, but of capital stuff; and capital, too, is one at the same price in a herring-bone pattern of light blue and dun-brown. Herring-bone alternating with a stripe also has charms in white and brown, with a faint line of blue and a broader stripe of the brown. Yes, there is no doubt about it, her Majesty has excellent taste, and I think I shall appoint Hamilton's, of the White House, Portrush, tweed manufacturers to my Royal Highness Virginia.

Julia interrupted me just as I was gazing at these samples with some flippant observations about theatres. She finds this week that the playhouses are her only joy, and she wanders from one to the other in the intervals of buying the new model frocks that I desire. She is just planning for herself a charming evening-gown of white chiffon striped with lines of fine black Chantilly lace set transparently. This she is going to mount over white Liberty satin veiled in white chiffon, so that it all hangs softly together. I met a capital walking-dress to-day, and now that I come to think of it, I believe it was made of one of Hamilton's materials. It was of light grey, speckled infinitesimally, and had a yoke elaborately braided and cut in one with epaulettes, the lines of the skirt being followed with braid turned into scrolls at each corner. I wondered afterwards whether it were of that quality most worthy I found among the patterns labelled 2s. 3d. a yard. In any case, this is a good stuff and one which should be respected by the economical as well as by the tasteful.

I have just heard that Paquin, of 39, Dover Street, has been making some lovely gowns. One worn at the Drawing-Room by Miss White, the daughter of the American Chargé d'Affaires, sounds charming—of white mousseline-de-soie, with the bodice embroidered in silver spangles, a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley being placed in a rosette of white tulle, with a long mousseline scarf. He also made the gowns for Lord Rosbery's daughters for their ball, and these were of white satin, with collars of silver-spangled tulle, and sashes of wide white and blue ribbon falling on the white satin skirts, which were perfectly simple from the waist, vandyked at the knee, thence spangled with silver, the same as the bodice,

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. W.—I am really very sorry I do not supply paper patterns of my pictures. A LITTLE SAVAGE.—How strange it is that you should write to me from Salisbury! Somebody I know very well lives in your immediate neighbourhood, and I am very pleased to help you. The most popular note-paper in London now has a small medallion at the corner, in a colour, with the name written in white across it. This you can get from Houghton and Gunn's, in New Bond Street. You have only to send them this description, and they will know at once. For really beautiful under-clothes, let me commend you to try Lady Brooke's dépôt, 58, New Bond Street. Everything is made by hand by the girls in the Easton schools, and the patterns are distinctly Parisian. I like Viyella for blouses for bicycling; a new, very thin flannel this is, and you can get the best of the shirts specially well cut at Dickins and Jones', Hanover House, Regent Street. I cannot remember the price. It is something between eighteen-and-nine and twenty-five shillings. Make a point of calling on the manager of the *Rhodesian Times*; tell him you have just written to me, and he will explain matters to you in a fashion that will probably amuse you.

SILVER MIST.—The check I meant was considerably less than half an inch—indeed, less than a quarter. I am afraid you will not get those sketches in; there is only one of them really charming, and this you will see I have referred to in this week's paper. I will, however, try.

CASSANDRA.—I have nothing whatever to do with that society, but hope matters went off well for you and for them.

MESSINA.—The newest silk that I have seen is of glacé, with a chenille stripe in it. It is exceedingly pretty, and you can get it in half-a-dozen colours from any of the West-End establishments. You should mount that lace over chiffon, which will improve its appearance wonderfully. There is a blue hat, covered with lobelia, at Kate Reily's, 11, Dover Street, which will exactly suit you.

MAUD ANDERSON.—I have just been inspecting some excellent tweeds from Hamilton's, of the White House, Portrush. Write to them for patterns. There is a blue and brown check, just what you want, and I know these stuffs wear admirably—indeed, they wear much longer than you could desire. —VIRGINIA.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on March 28.

MONEY.

The shadow of dearer money hangs over the market, and in most quarters it is thought that the official rate cannot much longer be maintained at 3 per cent. The Bank Return again indicates the way in which the financial wind is blowing, the proportion of reserve to liabilities disclosing a further drop from 44½ per cent. to 43 per cent. It would appear that the Treasury have been paying out some amounts for Supply, &c., as the "Public Deposits" received an addition of only £216,303, while the market resources fell back £847,653. According to the Return of the Bank of England for the week ended March 3, there was an expansion in the "rest" of £262,956, bringing the total up to £3,745,479. The excess over £3,000,000, below which the "rest" is never allowed to sink, will admit of the payment of 10 per cent. per annum on the proprietors' capital, leaving the "rest" at £3,017,829. This compares with a like rate for the two previous half-years.

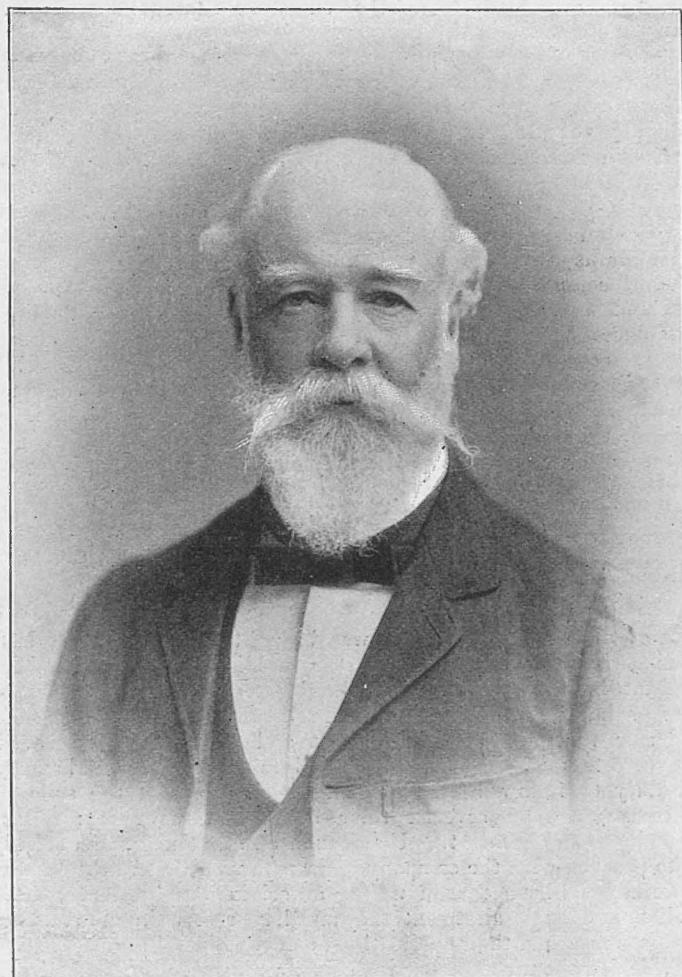
THE CALEDONIAN DIVIDEND.

The dividend announcement by this company was well up to expectations, and the market showed its appreciation by promptly sending the price of the Ordinary shares up 1 point. The distribution on the Ordinary shares is at the rate of 5 per cent., with £9500 carried forward. The rate last year was the same, but the amount carried forward then was £17,419, from which it will be seen that the present dividend has been maintained by reducing the carry-forward by £8000. In point of fact, the company has really only earned 4½ per cent., the other ½ being paid by the difference in the carry-over. However, as market anticipations had not been particularly sanguine, the results seemed to meet with general approval. The dividend on the Caledonian Deferred works out at 2½ for the year, which compares with 2 per cent. in 1896, thus showing a fractional improvement, which in these times is encouraging. The increase of gross receipts for the half-year amounted to £33,753, so that the rise in expenses has practically absorbed that amount. The engineering strike having now been got out of the way, there is every indication of the current year being one of business activity in the North, and, as the mineral freight carried by the Caledonian bears such a large proportion to its total traffic, improvement in trade will materially affect its returns.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE REPORT.

Once more the report of this gigantic insurance company is published, and, were it not that we have got accustomed to the way in which the

£2,774,264. In the Industrial branch twelve million and a-half of policies are in force, and the premiums received amounted to £4,793,591. The Prudential Assurance Company has become so much part of the national life that we are, perhaps, inclined to treat even these gigantic



MR. J. C. BUNTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.
Photo by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone and Dover.

figures as matters of course, even when we add that the assets in the hands of the directors at both branches of the company's business tot up to the not inconsiderable sum of £30,438,337.

The investment of such enormous accumulations as appear from the detailed statements which are sent out with the balance-sheet, leave no loophole for adverse criticism, and the arrangements for giving a bonus to the staff to celebrate both the jubilee of the society and of her Most Gracious Majesty will meet with universal approval.

HOME RAILWAY CAPITAL.

Among a lot of other useful and interesting statistics contained in the recent issue of *Burdett's Official Intelligence*, those relating to the progress of railway finance bring out some rather startling results. For instance, dealing with railway capital in the United Kingdom, the fact is disclosed that the total paid-up capital of all descriptions, share and loan, at the close of 1896 had mounted up to the stupendous total of over one thousand millions! The exact figures were £1,029,475,335, and the increase over the total of the previous year amounted to £28,365,114, or 2½ per cent. It may be interesting to note how this huge total is arrived at. The classification is as follows—

Ordinary Stock	£380,073,903
Guaranteed and Preference Stock	360,143,714
Loan and Debenture Stock	289,257,718
						£1,029,475,335

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The operations of this company are limited to the east of Pittsburgh and Erie, those to the west being under the control of the Pennsylvania Company. The company is a regular dividend-paying one, having distributed at the rate of 5 per cent. on its shares since 1893. On that account the shares are not subject to such violent fluctuations as the ordinary run of American Rails. Most of the issues of the company are well known on the London market, and enjoy a considerable amount of favour, which is evidenced by the substantial premiums at which they now stand. The total funded debt of the company amounts to 87,943,910 dollars, and the Common stock stands at 129,303,150 dollars. Under a trust created Oct. 9, 1878, as modified by resolution of June 30, 1883, 1 per cent. of the net income of the company, before payment of dividends to shareholders, is applied to the redemption of the securities guaranteed by the company. At Dec. 31, 1896, the par value of the investments in the trust amounted to 8,212,730 dollars. The interest received for the securities in 1896 amounted to 517,445 dollars. The 50-dollar share fluctuated between 60½ and 52¾ in 1897, and the present



SIR J. THOMPSON, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

directors talk of millions as ordinary people speak of five-pound notes, we should say the figures astound us.

The report divides the business of the company into two branches, the Ordinary and the Industrial; in the first alone the new business done during the year amounts, so far as the sum assured is concerned, to £6,698,755, while the total premiums received for the year were

price is round about 60. The Six per Cent. General Mortgage (Sterling) bonds in the same year fluctuated between 131 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 125 $\frac{3}{4}$. The total mileage of the company is 2675. The statement for 1897 shows a surplus of £576,200 after payment of all charges, and the coal company and lines west of Pittsburg and Erie a net profit of £467,400. It is stated, however, that no increase in the dividend will be made—a decision which is likely to be resented by the shareholders, the bulk of whom are domiciled in this country.

HONDURAS.

Not much progress is being made towards a settlement with the bondholders of this Republic. The last offer was one submitted by the Honduras Syndicate in the early part of last year. We gather, however, from the remarks of the Chairman of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders at the meeting held last week, that this offer was too ridiculous to be entertained. A contract was entered into between the Honduras Government and the above-named syndicate with the object of completing the Interoceanic Railway, the establishment of a bank, and a settlement with the holders of the External Debt. The bondholders are to be offered £25 of bonds, bearing 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, secured on the railway and the bank, in exchange for each £100 of their existing security, with twenty-five years' arrears of interest. Even if the bondholders accepted the enormous reduction of capital proposed, the security offered for the payment of the principal and interest is considered to be totally insufficient. The syndicate, it appears, intend to advertise very shortly calling in the bonds, and in the meantime the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders is endeavouring to get into touch with the holders of the bonds in order to strenuously oppose the scheme.

THE DOMINION FAIRVIEW AND GOLDEN KLONDYKE SYNDICATE.

Shortly after this company was brought out, in January last, we informed a correspondent that the public response had been so unsatisfactory that the chairman (Lord Bateman), failing to obtain the return of the subscribers' capital, had felt called upon to resign, but we now hear that Sir Thomas Wright and another of the remaining three directors whose names appeared in the prospectus have felt it their duty to follow Lord Bateman's lead, and that the solicitors to the company have severed their connection with it rather than be a party to an allotment. Under such circumstances, we can only say that to proceed with the company appears to us little less than a scandal, and we have no hesitation in urging all original applicants for shares to repudiate at once the allotments they may have received, and to demand the immediate return of their application money. Should the company make any difficulty about complying with such a request, we shall be happy to assist applicants in recovering their money with the least possible delay.

JENKINSON AND CO. AGAIN.

Of all the circularising touts, probably the most dangerous actively carrying on their profession are Messrs. Jenkinson and Co., alias Crocker, who publish a sort of newspaper under the title of the *Investment Register*, and take care to circulate it broadcast. These people are much too clever to select some hopelessly rotten concern and spend all their energy on trying to get rid of its shares in the way so many of the lower-class bucket-shop keepers go to work. Messrs. Jenkinson have a few specialities, of course, but they mix them up with a host of other industrial concerns so neatly, that it takes a practised eye to detect they are more anxious to sell you English Moss Litter or Kay and Co. shares than the corresponding securities of Maple and Co. or Bryant and May. It is a case of the conjurer who offers you a whole pack of cards to select from and yet "forces" the exact one he desires you to select.

THE BRITISH CYCLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

We forget which of the circularising outside brokers used to run this wretched concern as their chief stock-in-trade, but we remember that not a few correspondents were victims of their insidious circulars. Now the true inwardness of the whole hollow sham has been laid bare, it should serve as an object-lesson. Even in the height of the Cycle boom, and by the aid of that "old and well-established" paper circulated gratis, the *British Investment Review*, only subscriptions for £7510 were got together, of which the promoters gobbled £5000 at once for the precious business in High Street, Camden Town, and, with the wretched balance, or so-much of it as was ever paid up, an effort was made to carry on the business. It is needless to say that the money did not last long, and that the company is, within twelve months, in liquidation, with plant, fixtures, and leases not worth the debenture debt, and not the slightest chance of a shareholder getting back a penny. It is against this class of company that reform of the law is so urgently needed.

THE SALT UNION.

The shareholders at the general meeting held this week practically confided the destinies of this gigantic concern to the committee, whose policy they endorsed. The head offices are to be removed to Liverpool, the present Board is going to make way for a new one, and, whether for better or for worse, the responsibility for the future must rest with Mr. Macdowell and his associates. Nothing can have been worse than the management in the past, but a very grave responsibility devolves on those who have undertaken to conduct the change, and, above all, upon the chairman of the Shareholders' Committee, who is admittedly the one man capable of steering the ship. It is said that Mr. Macdowell is hesitating as to whether he will take a seat on the new Board or not, but we feel sure that, if he reflects for a moment upon the responsibility

which a complete change of management entails, and the splendid—we might almost say unanimous—exhibition of confidence in him which the shareholders have already given, he will see that it is his duty to put aside all considerations of private leisure or comfort, and to take command at least until the vessel is over the broken waters which surround it. The report of the past year was bad, the same document for the current one must be worse, and the task of saving the Union will be no sinecure; but it would ill become the one man who can possibly accomplish it, and who has already made change imperative, to refuse the final responsibility for the success or failure of the policy which he has inaugurated.

THE GLOBE AMALGAMATIONS.

We were talking this week to a cynical jobber in the Mining Market about the way the proposed amalgamation of the ugly ducklings of the London and Globe family hung fire, and he was very emphatic in his view that the shareholders were a pack of fools not to jump at the scheme.

Our friend began by the assumption that every *rational* being who held shares in any of the companies it was proposed to amalgamate could have but one desire, namely, to get out with as little loss as possible, and he argued that, as the shares of all the concerns were in their present state practically unmarketable, anything which by re-shuffling the cards would have enabled holders to realise must be for their advantage. Whitaker Wright was sure to make a market for the scrip of the big exploration company into which it was proposed to turn the Wealth of Nations, the Paddington Consols, and all the rest of them, and, as our friend put it, "Then the asses of shareholders could have sold instead of worrying their heads about accounts, balance-sheets, and suchlike rubbish." There is a good bit of truth in this view, but the matter has hung about so long, and there has been so much newspaper talk, that, even if the affair came off now, the making of a market would be very doubtful.

NEW ISSUES.

Lipton, Limited.—This long-expected issue at last makes its appearance, and there is no doubt that all classes of shares will be more sought after than the corresponding securities of any issue of recent times. The business is well known, and has wide ramifications, comprising, besides tea estates in Ceylon, manufactures, warehouses, and dépôts in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, and some 235 shops, or, as they are generally called, "Lipton's Markets." The share capital consists of two million, divided into one million 5 per cent. Preference shares issued at par and one million Ordinary shares issued at 5s. premium. There will also be an issue of £500,000 4 per cent. Debenture stock. The profits, which have been of a progressive character, show £176,000 for the past year, sufficient to give 10 per cent. on the Ordinary after paying the Debenture interest and the 5 per cent. Preference dividend. A very important feature is that Sir Thomas Lipton, with his acknowledged power of organisation, becomes chairman of the company, and will hold the reins of the business for at least ten years. Besides which, the Board has no ornamental element, being composed, besides Sir Thomas himself, entirely of his leading managers. This gives a strong probability that the business and the profits will continue to increase year by year. There will undoubtedly be a great scramble for the shares, which are already quoted at a substantial premium. We think our readers more likely to get an allotment by applying for Preference shares. It would be difficult to find a more sound 5 per cent. investment.

With regard to the several other issues this week, to which we have no space to allude in detail, there is nothing that we can particularly commend to our readers. We shall content ourselves with cautioning them to avoid the Lake Bennett and Klondike Steam Navigation Company, which is certainly best left alone. It is probable that, with Lipton's overshadowing them, none except the Ship and Turtle are likely to receive any attention from the investing public.

Saturday, March 5, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

F. C. P.—The result of our inquiries about Hannan's Reward is not satisfactory. The general opinion is that the mine has a large body of ore, which contains about an ounce of gold to the ton, but it is of such a refractory character that it will not yield a profit. As to your last letter—(1) These shares at *rubbish price* we thought from what we heard were good enough to stick to, and we still think so. (2) See this week's Notes. (3) We will make inquiries.

F. T.—The Standard Bank of South Africa and the English Bank of the River Plate are certainly about the best banks to suit your requirements.

C. D. R.—We answered your letter and returned your documents on the 1st inst. Please comply with Rule 5.

E. H. G.—(1) No accounts are due yet. The shares are not the kind of thing we should care to hold. (2) As you bought at the preposterous premium of £1 a share, you must hold on for a bit. The same remark applies to these shares as to No. 1.

OVER-SANGUINE.—You will never see your money back, nor do you deserve much pity, for if Jones or Robinson did not rob you, it is clear from your letter that you would become a prey to somebody else. You had better hold Nos. 1 and 2, and sell the rest.

JAMRUD.—Of course, you paid too much, but the bonds are all right, although the chance of drawing a prize is remote.

A. B. J.—Life is too short to worry over absurd conundrums such as you set us. We entirely decline to say whether shares will be worth buying when they get to prices of which we see no prospect at present.

RIDER.—See last week's Notes for our view on the cycle trade in general and the shares you ask about in particular.

M. AND CO.—Your letter has been handed to the advertising manager.

INTERESTED.—We think it not unlikely the shares will turn out a good thing. The price is $\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{5}$ premium.

The Directors of the Maypole Company, Limited, will, after writing off the preliminary expenses, amounting to £1383 5s. 2d., and carrying forward the sum of £721 7s. 7d., recommend the payment of a dividend on the first year's trading of 7 per cent. upon the Preference shares and 5 per cent. upon the Ordinary shares at the annual meeting.